THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS

OF

THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other Diversion interesting to

THE MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FEBRUARY, 1808.

CONTAINING

The Right Honourable the Earl of Derby . . . . *Page* 215
Pedigree and Performances of Ambrosio 215
Disputes between Gentlemen, on Points of Honour, &c. &c. 218
Remarkable Hunting Occurrences . . 220
Single-Stick Playing 220
Earl Grosvenor's Stud 221
Account of a famous East-Indian Horse 229
On Fashionable Sports 230
Speculative Gambling 231
Abolition of the ancient Office of Common Hunt, by the Corporation of London 232
Indian Sports 233
Be Gone Dull Care—a Comedy 235
Trespasses on the Powers of Young Horses 237
The Tythe-Feast 238
Gipsey Soldiers 239
The Almond Tumbler 240
Kais; or, Love in the Deserts 241
The Humours of Whist, a Dramatic Satire 242
Personal Quarrel in America, between Mr. Randolph and General Wilkinson 246
Winners of the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster 248
Singular Cases of Hydrophobia *Page* 249
Hydrophobia successfully treated by Dr. Mosely 250
Destructive Traps 253
Misconduct of Coachmen 254
Box-Lobby Fracas 255
FEAST OF WIT 257
Consequences of a Pun 257
Curious Bargain 258
Theatrical Wit 260
SPORTING INTELLIGENCE 261
Caledonian Hunt 261
Betting at Tattersall's 262
York Cocking 263
Pedestrians 263
Stakeholders 266
Coursing Matches—At Malton 267
At Newmarket . . 268

POETRY.

The Joys of the Chase, a Hunting Song 269
The Huntsman's Lamentation during a Storm 269
The Dying Horse 270
Epilogue delivered at Bryn-y-Pys Theatricals 271
The Wits—a Rhapsody 272
Epitaph on a Huntsman 272

RACING CALENDAR 45

Embellished with—I, A striking Likeness of the Right Hon. the Earl of Derby, beautifully engraved.—II, The Almond Tumbler, an excellent Engraving.

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AND SOLD BY J. WHEBLE, 18, WARWICK-SQUARE; C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALL-MALL; J. BOOTH, DUKE-STREET, PORTLAND-PLACE; JOHN HILTON, NEWMARKET; AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We lament to say, that our Communications from the North did not arrive until within three or four days of the publication of our Magazine, when neither time nor room were left for their insertion. Stallions to Cover, Continuation of Winning Horses in 1807, &c. &c. shall all appear next month.

Our Correspondent, "*An Admirer and Constant Subscriber*," may, perhaps, have it in his power to furnish us with the Sentence of the Court-Martial on the Officer alluded to in his Letter: if not, we shall endeavour to obtain it from another quarter.

The Drawing from Haverfordwest is received, and shall be engraved.

We have not yet been able to gratify our Plymouth Correspondents, but hope, in the course of the ensuing month, this difficulty will be got over, and that, in the interval, they will be pleased with two *original* Hunting Songs in the present Number; viz. "The Joys of the Chase," and "The Huntsman's Lamentation during a Storm."

A. B. and several Old Correspondents, are not forgotten.

Erratum.—In the Betting at Tattersall's, in our Sporting Intelligence this Month, page 262, for "9 to 1 agst the Brother to Bustard," *read*, "9 to 1 agst the Sorcerer colt, out of David's dam."

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

H.R. Cook sculp.

THE RIGHT HON^BLE. the EARL of DERBY.

Engraved for the Sporting Magazine
by permission of M^r. T. P. Thompson
from a fine Portrait painted by Gainsborough.

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THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE;
FOR FEBRUARY, 1808.

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF DERBY.

Engraved for the Sporting Magazine by Permission of Mr. J. P. Thompson, from a fine Portrait painted by Gainsborough.

IT certainly would have been gratifying to us, to be enabled *here* to give some particulars of the Noble Earl as a Sportsman, and with it a list of his stud, &c. These materials, however, as they are in part derived from a distant contributor, and other sources, must stand over for a future month—we hope not beyond the next.

It should be observed, that we touch on no part of the characters of Noblemen and Gentlemen whose portraits we give, except that which relates to their sporting transactions. Little pitiful biography of living characters is beneath the dignity of literature, and more especially so in cases where the living character is applied to, to write the history of *himself!*

PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES OF AMBROSIO.

(Of which a most beautiful Engraving, by Scott, from Stubbs, was given in our last Magazine.)

AMBROSIO, bred by John Lowther, Esq. and sold to Joseph Cookson, Esq. was got by Sir Peter Teazle; his dam, Tulip, by Damper; grandam by Eclipse; great grandam, Rarity, by Match-'em; Snapdragon, by Snap; Regulus; Mr. Bartlett's Childers, out of an own sister to the two True-Blues.

At York Spring Meeting, 1796, *Ambrosio* won 50l. for three and four-year olds, beating Stately, Man-Friday, Golden-Locks, &c.—At York August Meeting, he won a Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. (five subscribers) beating Cardinal, &c. *Ambrosio* was sold to Mr. Cookson, and in the same Meeting he won a Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. (nine subscribers) beating Harry Rowe, Opposition, &c. At Doncaster, he won the St. Leger Stakes of 25gs. each, (fifteen subscribers) beating Cardinal, Rosolio, Orphan, Opposition, Harry Rowe, and Cecilia: 5 to 4 on Ambrosio.

At Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1797, he won the first class of the Oatlands' Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. (twelve subscribers) Ditch-in, beating Stickler, Gabriel, Play or Pay, &c.: 7 to 4 against Ambrosio. In the Second October Meeting, he received 100gs. from Gas; and in the Houghton Meeting, at 7st. 12lb. he beat Mr. Haworth's Lop, 6 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. the last three miles of B. C. 200gs.: 11 to 10 on Ambrosio.

At Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1798, Ambrosio, 8st. 6lb. won the third class of the Oatlands' Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. (eight subscribers) Ditch-in, beating Stamford, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.; Lilliput, aged,

aged, 8st. 12lb.; King John, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.; Hyperion, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. &c.: 13 to 8 against Stamford, and 5 to 2 against Ambrosio. In the First Spring Meeting, at 8st. 9lb. he won the Main of the Oatlands' Stakes of 100gs. each, Ditch-in, beating Stamford, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.; Stickler, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb; and Sans Prendre, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb: 6 to 5 on Ambrosio. He also received 50gs. compromise from Spoliator.—On Tuesday, in the Second Spring Meeting, at 8st. 5lb. in a Stakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. D. C. he received forfeit from Oatlands, 8st. 5lb.; Stickler, 8st. 2lb.; Antæus, 7st. 13lb.; and Doubtful, 7st. 13lb.: Parisot, 7st. 5lb. was allowed to withdraw. On Thursday, he won the Jockey-Club Plate, B. C. beating St. George, Aimator, and Sentinel: 11 to 10 on Ambrosio. He also, in a Stakes with Diamond, received a compromise from Aimator and Spoliator. In the First October Meeting, he won a Stakes of 200gs. each, the first three miles of B. C. beating St. George and Aimator, both aged, 8st. each: 11 to 8 against Ambrosio. In the Second October Meeting, at 8st. 3lb. he beat Oatlands, (same age) 7st. 7lb.; Ditch-in, 200gs.: 5 to 2 on Ambrosio.

In the First Spring Meeting, 1799, *Ambrosio*, 8st. 3lb. won 50l. R. C. beating Johnny, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb., and Spoliator, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb: 6 to 4 on Ambrosio. At York August Meeting, he won one of the Subscription Purses, four miles, beating Harry Rowe: 13 to 8 on Ambrosio. And at Doncaster, at 8st. 5lb. he beat Lord Fitzwilliam's Wonder, 7st. 10lb.: 6 to 4 on Ambrosio. This was the last time of his running.

In 1801, *Ambrosio* was a stallion at Woburn, Bedfordshire, at 10gs. and 10s.6d.—He was afterwards sold to Thomas Haworth, Esq. of Barham-Lodge, Edgware, Middlesex, where he covers, at 10gs. and 10s.6d.

He is sire of Mr. Biggs's Rosario, the Hon. B. Craven's Frances, Mr. Crouch's Jewess, the Hon. C. Wyndham's bay colt, out of Purse-ful, &c.—Very few of his get have yet started.

Tulip (the dam of Ambrosio) was bred by Mr. Hale, and was a good runner. She was foaled in 1783, and her dam was bred by the late Lord Grosvenor, and was also the dam of Mr. Hale's Camel, by Mambrino; Icarus, by Justice; Nettle, Ruby, and Carrots, by Damper. *Tulip*, in 1787, won the King's Plate at Lincoln, beating Maria and Nymph: 3 to 1 on Maria. In 1789, she won the King's Plate at Warwick, beating Buffer, Gunpowder, Woodlark, and Attraction. She also won six 50l. Plates, beating the following horses, &c. Flavia, Braganza, Birch, Speculator, Clayball, Roscius, Fortunio, Stripling, Valiant, Nina, and many other good runners. *Tulip* was a brood mare in Mr. J. Lowther's stud, and afterwards in Lord Grosvenor's.—She was also the dam of Mr. Wentworth's Augusta, by Highflyer; Roxana, by Sir Peter Teazle; of Lord Grosvenor's Daisy, by Buzzard; Tulipson, Plantagenet, and Tudor, by John Bull:—besides several others.

Damper, (sire of Tulip) was bred by the Duke of Grafton, and got by Spectator; his dam, Nancy, (sister to Rocket) by Blank; Crab, out of the Widdrington Mare, by Partner.—*Damper* won a King's Plate, a Subscription of 125gs., a Match of 100gs., and one of 150gs.; a 50gs. Plate, twenty 50l. Plates, and received two forfeits

feits of 50gs. each.—He was, for length of day, and supporting the severity of running, the best plate horse of his time in the kingdom.

Rarity (grandam of Tulip) was also bred by Lord Grosvenor.—At Newmarket, in 1772, she beat Mr. Vernon's Langham, over B. C. for [illegible]—In 1773, she beat the Duke of Grafton's Promise, 8st. 7lb. each, B. C. 500gs.—won a Sweepstakes of 300gs. B. C. beating Lord Ossory's Grace. She also beat Mr. Foley's Miller, 8st. each, B. C. 1000gs; and at 7st. 10lb. she beat Mr. Foley's Pumpkin, 8st. 5lb. B. C. 1000gs: 11 to 10 on Pumpkin. *Rarity* was the dam of Lord Grosvenor's Maid of the Oaks, Tar, Grantham, Balsham, Radish, and grandam of Midge, Euphrosyne, Thalia, &c.

Snapdragon, (the dam of Rarity) was bred by Jenison Shafto, Esq. and was also the dam of Paymaster, Gilkicker, Selima, Grey Robin, Crosspatch, Briar, &c.

The *Regulus Mare* (the dam of Snapdragon) was bred by Sir William Middleton, Bart. She was also the dam of Fribble, Havannah, Curiosity, Angelica, Chequino, Fair Rosamond, Cypher, &c.

The *Bartlett's Childers Mare*, (dam of the above Regulus Mare) was also the dam of Sir Wm. Middleton's Squirrel, Midge, Thwackum, Camilla, and Miss Belsea. Her dam, (own sister to the two True Blues) by Gen. Honywood's White Arabian, out of a Mare, bred by Mr. Bowes, got by the Byerley Turk.

True-Blue (the elder) was bred by Mr. Honywood, and at York, in 1716, won the King's Gold Cup, value 100gs. 12st. four-mile heats, beating easy Sir William Strickland's Chaunter, and three others. At York, in 1719, he won 40l. for aged horses, 10st. four-mile heats, beating easy Mr. Darley's Aleppo, and Mr. Ascough's Castaway.—He also won the King's Plates at Nottingham, Lincoln, and Newmarket: likewise several other plates and prizes.—*True-Blue* ran against Chaunter for the Ladies' Plate at York in 1715, but was much out of condition, and ran with scoperills in him.

Young True-Blue (own brother to the above) won several Royal Plates and other prizes: he was an uncommon good runner. He was a stallion, and sire of Mr. Honywood's Grey Mare that won the King's Plate at Newmarket in 1734, beating Lord Portmore's Ebony, Sir Arthur Hasleridge's Smockface, Mr. Witty's Belinda, Mr. Litten's Bald Peg, the Duke of Devonshire's Young Duchess, &c.—She was the dam of Lord Gower's Miss Vixen, by Fox-Cub, who won the King's Plate at Hambleton in 1742, and at Newmarket, in April, 1743.—*Young True-Blue* also got Marks-Hall, the Rumford Gelding, and the famous Miss Slamerkin, that bred Mr. Panton's Bustard; Lord Portmore's Othello and Oroonoko; Mr. Fenwick's Duchess; the Duke of Bridgewater's Conqueror, &c.—*Miss Slamerkin* was grandam of Victorious, Terrible, Traplin, &c. and great grandam of Bellario, Petruchio, &c. &c.

Mr. Honywood's White Arabian was first the property of Sir John Williams, Bart. who sold him to Mr. Turner, of Suffolk, and who disposed of him to Mr. Honywood. It was never known that the above Arabian ever covered any other bred Mare, except the dam of the Two True-Blues.

Ambrosio was an extraordinary good runner, and is one of the best-bred

bred stallions to get racers in the kingdom, which will appear on examination of his pedigree, that from the produce of every cross of his valuable blood, from the origin thereof, have sprung the most-esteemed Racers, Stallions, and Brood Mares.

DISPUTES
BETWEEN GENTLEMEN,

On Points of Honour, &c. &c. &c.

IN our last Number, we inserted an account of the trial for *Crim. Con.* between the EARL of ELGIN and Mr. FERGUSON, which was brought in the Sheriff's Court, (the defendant having suffered judgment to go by default) when the plaintiff obtained a verdict for 10,000l.

The frequency of these violations of the laws of connubial honour, may render it necessary to offer a few remarks on the present occasion.—The late celebrated Lord Chesterfield has said, in one of his letters to his son, relating to the incontinency of his sister-in-law, Lady Stanhope, that the obligations of matrimony were more imperfectly understood in England, than in any other part of the world: how far that idea may be true, or carried to the literal extent of the declaration, we will not presume to say; but certainly there must be something radically wrong, in the principles of what is termed polite education, otherwise, how shall we account for this alarming recurrence of inroads upon the sacred obligations of moral honour; and those instances of matrimonial infidelity, which have almost ceased to create astonishment, by the celerity with which they follow each other? It has appeared, in this case, as in too many others of a similar tendency, that Mr. Ferguson was the intimate friend of Lord Elgin.—He was introduced to the lady of the aggrieved Peer at Paris, when an intimacy ensued of the most confidential family character; and certainly the capital of France is not the precise place, where a discreet husband would encourage the advancement of such intimacies upon too wide a scale.—Young men, and young women, cannot be very often in the society of each other, without feeling those symptoms of undescribable attachment, in a greater or lesser degree, which may eventually lead to their mutual injury. It is not enough to say, that the imbibed, and acknowledged laws of duty, should on all occasions of this bearing have an influence sufficient to extinguish the first kindling of an unwarrantable passion. The force of nature is often too formidable for the force of these laws; hence arises the necessity of abridging these opportunities for private intercourse, in which the seeds of mutual destruction are insidiously introduced, by ways and means of which the parties themselves are not completely susceptible.

The statutes of England have wisely provided, that the damages awarded to the complaining husband shall be proportioned to his treatment of his wife: and we have seen, with satisfaction, that a marked line of demarcation has been drawn, between that man, who indirectly encouraged the improprieties of his lady, and those who fulfilled the delicate injunctions of the married state.—That person has but a limited basis for complaint, who yields up the society of his

his wife to other men, and makes his negligence of local protection, very frequently, open the door for the admission of a superseding sentiment.

An esteemed French author, the Abbe de Bellegarde, has written, in a small treatise, upon the necessity of maintaining female modesty inviolate, that too great an intimacy should not be admitted between the younger part of the sexes, even when they can merely correspond through the medium of the eyes.—"*Il y a une si grande correspondance entre les ressorts qui sont de mouvoir le cœur, & ceux qui sont de mouvoir le visage, que l'on peut juger par les dehors, de ce qui ce passe dans l'ame!*"

As our felicity is so much interwoven with the maintenance of the genuine dignity of the female character, we cannot be otherwise than grieved, on beholding any dereliction from that delicacy, in the sex on which that dignity is established.—We do not believe that any additional importance has been annexed to our fair countrywomen, since they have assumed habits which approximate to masculine ideas. The custom of wearing round black hats, boots, and a Brutus wig, may be very *stylish*, but certainly they are not calculated to inspire the man with an increased reverence for their character: nor do they cast around their charms that enslaving radiance, which invariably results from the possession of innate modesty.

We have observed likewise, that the modes of flattery seem to increase, in proportion as their more honourable dominion decays: and the adulation of modern beaux, is directed more to their weaknesses than their understanding.—Those admirers who have a real respect for the ladies, seldom trouble them with those unmeaning epithets of flattery, which should be disgusting to every sensible woman.—When a suitor advances towards his mistress, with a catalogue of hearts and darts, and calls her an angel and a divinity, she should instantly conclude that he was either a blockhead or a villain, and that his intentions were not sound and noble: as the too common issue of all this *angelic nonsense* is, to delude innocence and beauty; to swell the offending records of Doctors' Commons, or fill our streets with the unhappy victims of prostitution.

W.

Dr. Wm. Pitt Muston, Surgeon of the Royal South Lincoln Militia, has been removed from that regiment, by order of his Royal Highness the Commander in Chief, in consequence of his having addressed an anonymous letter to his Royal Highness, on the honourable acquittal of Lieutenant-Colonel Bromhead, of that regiment, by a court-martial lately holden at Hythe barracks.

A paragraph having appeared in several of the papers, that the Hon. General St. John had been tried by a court martial, and *broke*, is erroneous. The General has not been tried; but a Special Board of General Officers was appointed by his Majesty, to enquire into his conduct at the battle of Laswarree; the report of which Board being considered by the Commander in Chief as unfavourable, he has communicated to Gen. St. John, that it is not his Majesty's intention to appoint him to any military command.

HUNTING,

HUNTING.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

SIRS,

PRESUMING you wish to collect every extraordinary circumstance that happens in the sporting world, I do not hesitate to trouble you with the following, hoping (should it meet your approbation) it will appear in your monthly publication, as I can vouch for the truth of it.

About a fortnight since, as *four couple* of hounds, belonging to P. Weller, Esq. of Buckland-house, in the north of Devonshire, were trying for a hare, they unkenneled a fine dog fox in some furze, very near Mr. W.'s house, which they ran uncommonly sharp for about an hour and a half, when they came to a check; and while they were trying to regain the scent, a hare jumped up, and two couple of the hounds pursued her, but the others at that moment hitting off the fox, took a different direction, and after running him for full an hour and three quarters longer, ran into him and killed him handsomely, *above ground*, in the middle of a large field. About half an hour after Mr. Weller's servant had returned with the fox and his little pack, some people who had followed the other hounds came home with them and the hare, which they had killed, after a capital run of an hour and forty minutes; thus ended this day's extraordinary sport, much to the satisfaction of those who were eye witnesses of it.

In relating the above occurrence, I have endeavoured to be as brief as possible, well knowing that by particularising every cover the fox ran through, I should afford no amusement to the majority of your readers, who most probably are wholly unacquainted with the part of the country in which he was run.

I remain, Sir, your very obedient servant. A SPORTSMAN.

Barnstaple, Feb. 1, 1808.

DURING the present month, a fox broke cover before the hounds of Mr. Wilson, of Hawkeshead, Lancashire, and near that place, when, after a severe run of many miles, in the course of which the wily efforts of reynard to escape were prevented by the superior sagacity and excellence of the hounds, the fox had nearly attained his old retreat. He was, however, so hard pressed, that he leaped into an old coal-pit, where he was soon afterwards followed by two of the foremost hounds; a rope being procured, an intrepid collier consented to go down and learn the fate of poor reynard and the hounds. On his reaching the bottom, he found the fox and one of the hounds lying peaceably together, but the other killed by the fall. By the assistance of the hunters, the collier was hauled to the surface with the fox in one gripe, and the live dog in the other.

SINGLE-STICK PLAYING.

A Grand match of Single-stick Playing took place, at Benson, Somersetshire, on Wednesday, the 10th instant, between twelve competitors, the *Dons* of several counties, for three prizes; viz. a silver cup, value ten guineas, five guineas in money, and twenty yards of blue ribbands. After eight hours diversion, in which time there was constant play, the first prize was adjudged to George Dunn, from Devonshire; the second to Ram, of Gloucestershire; and the third to Weston, of Surrey.

STUD OF THE LATE EARL GROSVENOR.

Continued from page 191.

(Those marked [S.] *were Stallions, and those* [B.] *were Brood Mares.)*

Horses', &c. Names.	Got by.	Dams, and what got by.	Year foaled in.
HAPHAZARD	Squirrel	Bonduca, by Bandy	1773
Jemima	Gimcrack	Eloisa, by Regulus	1773
B. Nimble	Goldfinder	Imogen, by Belford	1773
S. Pot8o's	Eclipse	Sportsmistress, by Sportsman, out of Goldenlocks, by Oroonoko, Crab, Partner	1773
Ranger	Match'em	Miss Cleveland, by Regulus	1773
Yellow Jack	Dux	Mr. Naylor's Sally, by Blank	1773
B. Bay Mare, dam of Diamond, &c.	Match'em	Barbara, by Snap, out of Miss Vernon, (Otho's dam) by Cade	1774
Crosspatch	Dux	Snapdragon, by Snap	1774
S. Justice	King Herod	Curiosity, by Snap	1774
B. Princess	Squirrel	Regulus, out of Wildair's dam, by Steady	1774
Random	Squirrel	Match'em Middleton, by Match'em	1774
Y. Knavestock	Knavestock	Sister to Sweetbriar, by Syphon	1774
S. Adamant	King Herod	Seraphina, by Blank, Blaze	1775
Ch. Mare, dam of Tulip, &c.	Eclipse	Rarity, by Match'em	1775
Friar	Cardinal Puff	Miss Ingram, by Regulus	1775
Mexican	Snap	Match'em Middleton, by Match'em	1775
B. Misfortune, dam of Buzzard, &c.	Dux	Curiosity, by Snap	1775
B. Muse	King Herod	Mr. Shepherd's Crab, out of Miss Meredith, by Cade	1775
B. Sting	King Herod	Florizel's dam, by Cygnet	1775
B. Bay Mare, dam of Smallbones, &c.	Panglos	Riddle, by the Wolseley Barb	1776
B. Cowslip	King Herod	Sweetwilliam's dam, by Cade	1776
B. Cricket	King Herod	Sophia, by Blank, out of Lord Leigh's Diana, by Second	1776
Flamer	Eclipse	Merliton, by Snap	1776
B. Lucy	King Herod	Boreas, out of Fancy, by Goliah	1776
Medley	Gimcrack	Arminda, by Snap	1776
Russian	Match'em	Sweetbriar's Sister, by Syphon	1776
Sancho	King Herod	Dulcinea's dam, by Cade	1776
Truth	Chemist	Flora, by Squirrel	1776
Whipcord	King Herod	Miss Ramsden, by Cade	1776

Horses', &c. Names.	Got by.	Dams, and what got by.	Year foaled in.
B. Bay Mare, dam of Tom Tit, &c.	Dux	Sister to Figurante, by Regulus	1777
B. Bay Mare, grandam of Dick Andrews	Cardinal Puff	Tatler, grandam by Snip, Lord Godolphin's Arabian	1777
Bramble	Sweetbriar	Miss Timms, by Match'em	1777
Chocolate	Sweetbriar	Bonduca, by Bandy	1777
Diadem	Sweetbriar	Snap, out of Sweetwilliam's dam	1777
B. Flyer	Sweetbriar	Squirrel, out of Goldfinder's dam	1777
S. Fortitude	King Herod	Snap, out of an own Sister to Young Cade, by Cade	1777
Geneva	Snap	Swiss, out of Dulcinea's dam	1777
King William	King Herod	Madcap, by Snap	1777
B. Marigold	King Herod	Toy, (Sister to Pacolet) by Blank	1777
B. Sincerity	Match'em	Papillon, by Snap	1777
B. Thetis	Chemist	Curiosity, by Snap	1777
B. Bay Mare, (the dam of Cuckoo, &c.)	Dux	Sister to Sweetbriar, by Syphon	1778
Blush	Chemist	Tatler, Snip, Lord Godolphin's Arabian	1778
Cauliflower	King Herod	Marianne, by Squirrel	1778
B. Ches. Mare, dam of Euphrosyne, &c.	Sweetbriar	Rarity, by Match'em	1778
Dancer	Sweetbriar	Chrysolite, out of Angelica, by Snap	1778
B. Dido	Eclipse	Javelin and Anna's dam, by Spectator	1778
Dorilas	Florizel	Highflyer's dam, by Blank	1778
B. Faith	King Herod	Curiosity, by Snap	1778
B. Medea	Sweetbriar	Angelica, by Snap	1778
Miss Harvey	Gimcrack	Arminda, by Snap	1778
Regent	Protector	Squirrel, out of Goldfinder's dam	1778
Smart	Belford	Lucretia, by Locust	1778
B. Temperance	Dux	Sister to Sally, by Blank	1778
B. Bay Mare, dam of Prodigal, &c.	Sweetwilliam	Middlesex, by Snap	1779
B. Ceres	Sweetwilliam	Squirrel, out of Goldfinder's dam	1779
B. Latona	King Herod	Calypso, by Match'em	1779
Mademoiselle Theodore	Sweetbriar	Blush's dam, by Tatler	1779
Oliver Cromwell	Protector	Flippanta, (Sister to Gnawpost) by Snap, out of Miss Cranbourne, by Lord Godolphin's Arabian	1779
S. Racer	Sweetbriar	Elfrida, by Snap	1779
Sweet Robin	Sweetbriar	Bonduca, by Bandy	1779

B. Xantippe

Horses', &c. Names.	Got by.	Dams, and what got by.	Year foaled in.
B. Xantippe..	Eclipse......	Grecian Princess, by Mr. Cornforth's Forester	1779
B. Armida ..	Sweetbriar....	Lady Bolingbroke, by Squirrel	1780
S. Balance....	King Herod..	Curiosity, by Snap................	1780
B. Bonduca ..	Justice	Bonduca, by Bandy	1780
Cypher	Protector	Cypher, by Squirrel	1780
Furioso......	Marc Antony .	Harpy, by Snap, Regulus	1780
B. Maid of the Oaks	King Herod..	Rarity, by Matchem	1780
Angelo......	Sweetbriar ...	Merliton, by Snap	1781
Camel	Mambrino....	Eclipse, out of Rarity, by Match'em	1781
Carlo Khan ..	Mambrino....	Pigeon, by Match'em............	1781
Du-Thé	Sweetbriar ...	Bonduca, by Bandy	1781
B. Editha....	King Herod..	Elfrida, by Snap	1781
Exciseman ...	Sweetbriar ...	Ursula, by Snap................	1781
B. Lady Teazle	Highflyer....	Papillon, (Sir Peter Teazle's dam) by Snap	1781
B. Leveret ...	Florizel......	Maiden, by Match'em	1781
B. Premier ..	Sweetbriar ...	Lady Bolingbroke, by Squirrel	1781
Tar	Justice........	Rarity, by Match'em............	1781
S. Alexander..	Eclipse	Grecian Princess (Xantippe's dam) by Mr. Cornforth's Forester, the Coalition Colt, Bustard, out of Lord Leigh's Charming Diana, by Second	1782
B. Anna	Eclipse	Javelin and Dido's dam, by Spectator, Blank, out of Lord Leigh's Diana, by Second	1782
B. Blossom ..	Protector	Flora, by Squirrel	1782
Circus	Sweetbriar ...	Fair Rosamond, by Mr. Shafto's Hunter	1782
B. Fairy	Highflyer....	Fairy Queen, by Young Cade, out of Mr. Routh's Blackeyes, by Crab	1782
Grantham....	Mambrino....	Rarity, by Match'em	1782
Jaffier	Eclipse......	Spectator	1782
Inca	Highflyer....	Jemima, (Sister to Mexico) by Snap	1782
Le Boo	Sweetbriar ..	Curiosity, by Snap	1782
Polyanthus ...	Sweetwilliam .	Marianne, by Squirrel	1782
Roundelay ...	Justice	Lady Bolingbroke, by Squirrel	1782
B. Shepherdess	Justice	Snap, out of Sweetwilliam's dam ..	1782
B. Stargazer..	Highflyer....	Miss West, by Match'em	1782
B. Trifle	Justice	Cypher, by Squirrel	1782
Vulcan	Justice	Sister to Figurante, by Regulus	1782
B. Winnifred .	Justice	Florizel's dam, by Cygnet........	1782
Balsham	Sweetwilliam .	Rarity, by Match'em............	1783
B. Honeysuckle	Sweetwilliam .	Marigold, by King Herod	1783
B. Isabella ...	Eclipse......	Squirrel, out of Ancaster Nancy, (sister to Ancaster) by Blank....	1783
B. Marcella..	Mambrino ...	Medëa, by Sweetbriar	1783

Horses', &c. Names.	Got by.	Dams, and what got by.	Year foaled in.
S. Meteor....	Eclipse......	Merlin, out of Mother Pratt, Marksman, Mixbury	1783
Mirmillo	Eclipse......	Blank, out of Grey Snip, by Snip..	1783
B. Rosaline...	Mambrino....	Fair Rosamond, by Mr. Shafto's Hunter....................	1783
Savage	Sweetbriar ...	Sister to Figurante, by Regulus....	1783
B. Spinner ..	Eclipse......	Cricket, by King Herod	1783
B. Tulip	Damper	Eclipse, out of Rarity, by Match'em	1783
Wheatsheaf ..	Sweetwilliam .	Squirrel, out of Goldfinder's dam ..	1783
B. Brighton Belle	Mambrino ...	Lady Bolingbroke, by Squirrel	1784
Bubble......	Highflyer....	Boreas, out of Fancy, by Goliah ..	1784
Chaperon....	Sweetbriar ...	King Herod	1784
Coquette.....	Mambrino ...	Curiosity, by Snap.............	1784
Flying Ben ..	Highflyer....	Marianne, by Squirrel..........	1784
Gayman	Sweetbriar ...	Lucretia, by Locust	1784
S. Mentor ..	Justice	Sweetbriar's dam, by Shakespeare..	1784
B. Nelly	Postmaster ...	Rosebud, by Snap, out of Miss Belsea, by Regulus.................	1784
B. Nimble ..	Florizel......	Rantipole, by Blank, out of Joan, (sister to Careless) by Regulus ..	1784
B. Nina	Eclipse......	Pomona, by King Herod, out of Caroline, by Snap, Regulus	1784
Stingo	Garrick......	Sting, by King Herod	1784
Sunflower....	Sweetbriar ...	Marigold, by King Herod	1784
Trifle	Bourdeaux ...	Cypher, by Squirrel	1784
Whitelegs....	Justice	Sister to Sweetbriar, by Syphon....	1784
B. Zara	Eclipse......	Isabella's dam, by Squirrel	1784
Amades	Mambrino....	Flyer, by Sweetbriar	1785
S. Aurelius ..	Eclipse......	Blank, out of Bay Snip, by Snip....	1785
Hidalgo	Eclipse......	Gossamer, by King Herod........	1785
Rarity	Mambrino ...	Rarity, by Match'em............	1785
Squeak......	Eclipse......	Meteor's dam, by Merlin	1785
Turnip......	Pot8o's......	Crosspatch, by Dux	1785
B. Violet....	Eclipse......	Cricket, by King Herod	1785
B. Camilla ..	Highflyer....	Sister to Clothier, by Match'em....	1786
Dimple......	Mambrino ...	Elfrida, by Snap...............	1786
Egbert	Mambrino ...	Editha, by King Herod	1786
B. Esther....	Highflyer....	Escape's dam, by Squirrel	1786
Fortitude	Fortitude	Medëa, by Sweetbriar	1786
B. Grey Gawkey	Mambrino ...	Giantess, by Match'em..........	1786
Maid of All Work	Highflyer....	Sister to Tandem, by Syphon	1786
B. Olivia	Justice	Cypher, by Squirrel	1786
B. Parsley ...	Pot8o's......	Lady Bolingbroke, by Squirrel	1786
Pickle	Highflyer....	Mopsqueezer, by Match'em	1786
B. Psyché....	Justice	Miriam, by Snap, out of Miss Cape, by Regulus..................	1786

Skylark

Horses', &c. Names.	Got by.	Dams, and what got by.	Year foaled in.
Skylark	Highflyer	Lord Chedworth's Snap	1786
Skyrocket	Highflyer	Sister to Juniper, by Snap	1786
Victory	Fortitude	Sister to Sweetbriar, by Syphon	1786
Æacus	Justice	Miss Skeggs, by Match'em	1787
Alderman	Pot8o's	Lady Bolingbroke, by Squirrel	1787
S. Asparagus	Pot8o's	Justice, out of Marianne, by Squirrel	1787
B. Emmeline	Justice	Elfrida, by Snap	1787
Flea	Pot8o's	Miriam, by Snap	1787
Hopeless	Florizel	Fidget's dam, by Match'em	1787
B. Kiss-my-Lady	Highflyer	Crop's dam, by the Coombe Arabian	1787
B. Missletoe	Pot8o's	Maid of the Oaks, by King Herod	1787
B. Radish	Pot8o's	Rarity, by Match'em	1787
Rhadamanthus	Justice	Flyer, by Sweetbriar	1787
Turniptop	Pot8o's	Crosspatch, by Dux	1787
B. Astarte	Protector	Sister to Flyer, by Sweetbriar	1788
B. Astrea	Justice	Sister to Sweetbriar, by Syphon	1788
Colchis	Fortitude	Medea, by Sweetbriar	1788
B. Florella	Justice	Flyer, by Sweetbriar	1788
Gumcistus	Pot8o's	Elfrida, by Snap	1788
B. Irene	Woodpecker	Zara's dam, by Squirrel	1788
B Sylph	Saltram	Sting, by King Herod	1788
Wagtail	Woodpecker	Papillon, by Snap	1788
B. Xenia	Challenger	Xantippe, by Eclipse	1788
B. Boldface	Highflyer	Impudence, by Eclipse	1789
Brobdignag	Highflyer	Cypher, by Squirrel	1789
Cayenne	Pot8o's	Sting, by King Herod	1789
Chigwell	Pot8o's	Asparagus's dam, by Justice	1789
Crab	Highflyer	Mopsqueezer, by Match'em	1789
Cynthus	Pot8o's	Latona, by King Herod	1789
S. John Bull	Fortitude	Xantippe, by Eclipse	1789
Pyracmon	Anvil	Eclipse, out of Imperator's dam	1789
Tidy	Highflyer	Eclipse, Blank	1789
B. Volantè	Highflyer	Fanny, (sister to King Fergus) by Eclipse, out of Mr. Tuting's Polly, by Othello; Fanny, by Tartar	1789
Whim	Pot8o's	Winnifred, by Justice	1789
B. Bay Mare, (dam of Alonzo, &c.)	Highflyer	Escape's dam, by Highflyer	1790
B. Celia	Volunteer	Highflyer, out of Giantess, by Match-'em	1790
Doricles	Pot8o's	Perdita, by King Herod	1790
Druid	Pot8o's	Maid of the Oaks, by King Herod	1790
Edwin	Pot8o's	Editha, by King Herod	1790
Guy	Pot8o's	Warwick, out of Meteor's dam	1790
Lilliput	Pot8o's	Leveret, by Florizel	1790
S. Nobleman	Highflyer	Crop's dam, by the Coombe Arabian	1790
B. Peggy Bull	Fortitude	Xantippe, by Eclipse	1790

Triptolemus

Horses', &c. Names.	Got by.	Dams, and what got by.	Year foaled in.
Triptolemus	Pot8o's	Ceres, by Sweetwilliam	1790
Vesper	Pot8o's	Meteor's dam, by Merlin	1790
Warwick	Pot8o's	Hardwick's dam, by King Herod	1790
Capsicum	Pot8o's	Sting, by King Herod	1791
Dædalus	Justice	Flyer, by Sweetbriar	1791
Faunus	Pot8o's	Mambrino, out of Marigold, by King Herod	1791
B. Ibis	Woodpecker	Isabella, by Eclipse	1791
B. Jenny Bull	Justice	Xantippe, by Eclipse	1791
Jolter	Highflyer	Smallbones, by Justice	1791
Oliver	Pot8o's	Olivia, by Justice	1791
Shuter	Sir Peter Teazle	Zelia, by Eclipse	1791
B. Ariadne	Justice	Anna, by Eclipse	1792
S. Bedford	Dungannon	Fairy, by Highflyer	1792
Confidence	Pot8o's	Emmeline, by Justice	1792
Hermit	Pot8o's	Maid of the Oaks, by King Herod	1792
B. Ivy	Woodpecker	Trentham, out of Cunegonde, by Blank	1792
Old Port	Pot8o's	Leveret, by Florizel	1792
Prince Charles	Highflyer	Mopsqueezer, by Match'em	1792
Roland	Pot8o's	Olivia, by Justice	1792
S. Speculator	Highflyer	Medëa, by Sweetbriar	1792
True-Blue	Trumpator	Sister to Postmaster, by King Herod, Snap	1792
Yorkshire Bite	Pot8o's	Sting, by King Herod	1792
Antæus	Alexander	Nimble, by Florizel	1793
Astronomer	Pot8o's	Stargazer, by Highflyer	1793
Bay Mare, dam of Stockton, &c.	Alexander	Dux, out of Folly, by Blank	1793
Golden Dab	Pot8o's	Purity, by Match'em	1793
Hard-Apple	Pot8o's	Astarte, by Protector	1793
Madam Cordé	Meteor	Medëa, by Sweetbriar	1793
Plumette	Meteor	Sister to Clothier, by Match'em	1793
Presumption	Justice	Princess, by Squirrel	1793
Æschylus	Meteor	Maid of the Oaks, by King Herod	1794
Brontes	Justice	Eclipse, out of Imperator's dam	1794
Foxhunter	Meteor	Ceres, by Sweetwilliam	1794
Henrietta	Sir Peter Teazle	Matron, by Alfred	1794
I-see-you	Alexander	Missletoe, by Pot8o's	1794
Lottery	Justice	Sister to Shipton, by Alfred	1794
Miss Teazle	Meteor	Lady Teazle, by Highflyer	1794
Molly Mog	Meteor	Olivia, by Justice	1794
Moonshine	Meteor	Muse, by King Herod	1794
B. Nikè	Alexander	Nimble, by Florizel	1794
S. Admiral Nelson	John Bull	Olivia, by Justice	1795
Caper	Meteor	Fairy, by Highflyer	1795
Concave	Asparagus	Nimble, by Florizel	1795

Florist

Horses', &c. Names.	Got by.	Dams, and what got by.	Year foaled in.
Florist	John Bull	Florella, by Justice	1795
B. Lady Bull	John Bull	Isabella, by Eclipse	1795
Sabrina	John Bull	Sister to Shipton, by Alfred	1795
S. Schedoni	Pot8o's	Esther, by Highflyer	1795
Trifle	Pot8o's	Trifle, by Justice	1795
S. Worthy	Pot8o's	Maria, by King Herod; Lisette, by Snap, out of Miss Windsor, by Lord Godolphin's Arabian	1795
Alfred	John Bull	Cypher, by Squirrel	1796
Bellina	Rockingham	Anna, by Eclipse	1796
Bibarina	Meteor	Olivia, by Justice	1796
Bonnylass	Pot8o's	Stargazer, by Highflyer	1796
Canterbury	Pot8o's	Sister to Shipton, by Alfred	1796
Doctor O'Lif-fey	Pot8o's	King Herod, out of Monimia, by Match'em	1796
Flemish	Asparagus	Emmeline, by Justice	1796
Little-Boy-Blue	Asparagus	Lady Teazle, by Highflyer	1796
Montoni	Buzzard	Peggy Bull, by Fortitude	1796
Nanette	John Bull	Nimble, by Florizel	1796
Popgun	Meteor	Leveret, by Florizel	1796
Socrates	Buzzard	Xantippe, by Eclipse	1796
Tripit	Pot8o's	Fairy, by Highflyer	1796
Young Justice	Justice	Dido, by Eclipse	1796
Fortitude	John Bull	Trifle, by Justice	1797
Gazer	John Bull	Stargazer, by Highflyer	1797
Georgiana	John Bull	Missletoe, by Pot8o's	1797
Jack-a-Lantern	Meteor	Sister to Shipton, by Alfred	1797
Quick	John Bull	Nimble, by Florizel	1797
Scrub, alias Obi	Pot8o's	Maid of all Work, by Highflyer	1797
S Alexander the Great	Alexander	Fairy, by Highflyer	1798
Daisy	Buzzard	Tulip, by Damper	1798
S. King Priam	Alexander	Cowslip, by Highflyer	1798
Matthew	John Bull	Maid of all Work, by Highflyer	1798
Muly Moloch	John Bull	Missletoe, by Pot8o's	1798
Pyrrhus	Alexander	Trifle, by Justice	1798
S. Squire Teazle	Mr. Teazle	Sister to Shipton, by Alfred	1798
Toy	Asparagus	Kiss-my-Lady, by Highflyer	1798
S. Teddy the Grinder	Asparagus	Stargazer, by Highflyer	1798
Wilkes	Sir Peter Teazle	Nina, by Eclipse	1798
Astronomy	John Bull	Stargazer, by Highflyer	1799
S Hercules	Alexander	Cowslip, by Highflyer	1799
Hind	Sir Peter Teazle	Paulina, by Florizel	1799

Margery

Horses', &c. Names.	Got by.	Dams, and what got by.	Year foaled in.
Margery	John Bull	Maid of all Work, by Highflyer	1799
Minima	Trumpator	Nikè, by Alexander	1799
Northampton	John Bull	Anna, by Eclipse	1799
S. Baron Bull	John Bull	Isabella, by Eclipse	1800
Buss	John Bull	Kiss-my-Lady, by Highflyer	1800
S. Cæsario	John Bull	Olivia, by Justice	1800
Great Britain	John Bull	Dido, by Eclipse	1800
Jack-of-All-Trades	John Bull	Maid of all Work, by Highflyer	1800
Montalto	John Bull	Nikè, by Alexander	1800
Nettle	Sir Peter Teazle	Nimble, by Florizel	1800
Nutmeg	John Bull	Esther, by Highflyer	1800
Tulipson	John Bull	Tulip, by Damper	1800
Adela	Sir Peter Teazle	Sister to Shipton, by Alfred	1801
Agincourt	John Bull	Anna, by Eclipse	1801
Bagatelle	Sir Peter Teazle	Trifle, by Justice	1801
Enterprise	John Bull	Stargazer, by Highflyer	1801
Frank	John Bull	Leveret, by Florizel	1801
Mony Musk	John Bull	Maid of all Work, by Highflyer	1801
Vandal	John Bull	Dido, by Eclipse	1801
Viola	John Bull	Olivia, by Justice	1801
Goth	Sir Peter Teazle	Nimble, by Florizel	1802
Jasper	Sir Peter Teazle	Celia, by Volunteer	1802
Iris	Sir Peter Teazle	Isabella, by Eclipse	1802
Knight Errant	Sir Peter Teazle	Peggy Bull, by Fortitude	1802
Meteora	Meteor	Maid of all Work, by Highflyer	1802
Plantagenet	John Bull	Tulip, by Damper	1802
Violante	John Bull	Sister to Skyscraper, by Highflyer, out of Everlasting, by Eclipse	1802

Besides the above, Lord Grosvenor was owner and breeder of an unaccountable number of blood horses, &c. many of whom were trained and raced, but the greater part thereof had no particular name given to them, and from whom his Lordship selected his hunters, hacks, &c. and disposed of the remainder.

The following were Stallions in Lord Grosvenor's Stud; viz.

Bandy	Dux	Sweetbriar	Alexander
Trajan	Chemist	Cardinal Puff	Meteor
Tripod	Protector	Mambrino	Asparagus
Wolseley Barb	Gimcrack	Justice	John Bull
Belford	Grosvenor Arabian	Pot8o's	Racer
Panglos		Fortitude	Cæsario
Boreas	Sweetwilliam	Balance	&c. &c.

*** The other horses marked S, were either sold before or after racing to various gentlemen, and covered in different parts of the kingdom.—Several were sold into Ireland, America, France, Russia, Germany, &c. &c.

ACCOUNT

ACCOUNT OF A FAMOUS EAST-INDIAN HORSE.

THIS horse, called *King David*, was originally purchased, (when aged) in 1797, at Bussorah, for the trifling sum of seventy rupees; he was a grey Arab, fourteen hands and one inch and a half high; he was of the common cast of horses that carry panniers of dates, and was sent to Bombay with several others for sale; he passed through the hands of several gentlemen, none of whom liked him, being in general a cross-made, heavy, ugly-looking horse. Mr. Shubrick at length purchased him for three hundred rupees; and on the institution of the first Bombay races, he entered him merely to make up one for the aged plate of eight hundred rupees, with little hope of his even saving his distance. He started for this plate, January the 12th, 1798, with three others, viz a grey Arab horse of Mr. Harding's (Scandal); an Egyptian mare of Capt. Cooke's (Bathsheba); and a black horse of Sir Charles Mullet's (Quiz). He won with great ease, distancing Scandal and Bathsheba the first heat; the black horse (Quiz) was beat hollow the second heat; high odds were against David, and in favour of Scandal and Bathsheba.

On the 12th of February following, he ran a match for 10,000 rupees, with a famous Arab horse, called Antelope, the property of Captain Charles Mears of Surat, brought down it was supposed for the express purpose of beating David; he was acknowledged to be the fleetest horse that ever was remembered at Surat by the oldest native, and the gentlemen of that station positively asserted, that on trial he ran a mile within the minute. This was a race at score all round; King David took the lead at starting, and kept it, winning by about three lengths.

Immediately after beating this Surat horse, King David became the property of Major Hawkes, under whose care he improved very much.

At the second Bombay races, Dec. 21st, 1798, he again started for the aged plate, against his former competitor, Antelope; Capt. Comyns's Portfire, who won the colt plate the last season; Mr. Grant's Arab horse, Highlander; and Mr. Hewitson's bay Arab, King George. Antelope was by much the favourite, the bets being 5 to 3 that he beat David, and 5 to 4 that he won the plate; his being beat the season before being attributed to his having landed out of a boat, on his passage from Surat, the day before he ran. To the astonishment of all present, King David won with the greatest ease, and it was generally supposed, had he been pushed, could have distanced the whole the first heat.

On January the 14th, 1799, King David, at Madras races, won the plate of 100l. beating Mr. Gallimore's Polly; Capt. Bird's Johnny; and Lieut. Hacket's Chester, with great ease; and on the 19th, he won the Handicap Purse of fifty pagodas, beating Major Newton's Swiftsure, and Mr. Heafke's Carnatic Charles.

After this, in 1800, he won at Bombay three several matches, beating Brown Bess, Dragon, and the famous mare Arabella; he never carried less than 10st. 3lb. but being known for his extraordinary speed and bottom, no horse would start against him, and his fame was established as the Eclipse of

of India. He was afterwards kept by Major Hawkes as a stallion, but never produced any get. He died at Bombay, June the 7th, 1805, aged about 16 years.

ON FASHIONABLE SPORTS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I Am one of those old-fashioned people in the world who are not apt to take up common opinions, or to become a willing party to prejudice. This selfishness of the understanding has been, however, a great protection to me on many occasions, and has given me a stubborn habit of forming my own judgment on any subject that might occur.

It has, Sir, been this my independent consideration of the ways and manners of men, which has occasioned me to notice very lately the hue and cry raised against the fashionable sports of the day, such as running horses against time, trotting ponies, boxing matches, walking matches, hopping matches, &c. Now, Sir, one would really imagine, from the violent invectives of the prints and publications, particularly the first of the above-mentioned sports, "running horses to death," that the writers of these articles were of the *Hindoo* persuasion, whose religion forbids them to *murder* any thing; and which dangerous sentiment might, if suffered, be succeeded by an innovation of temperance and charity that would, in time, extend to deprive us of the choicest luxuries and enjoyments of life; to banish meats from our tables, made white by the cruelty of the experiment; and of turtle kept alive with difficulty, for the sake of callipash, callipee, and green fat. These fastidious gentlemen seem to forget, that all creation were made for our use, which they, perhaps, would ill-naturedly denominate *mis-use.*

Now, Sir, nothing can be more ungentlemanly than such wanton severity against our national sports: and it is both uncivil and unjust to accuse us of cruelty to our animals. Do we not take especial care to give our horses a feed of corn extraordinary when we are going a journey, lest they might knock up on the road, and leave us to go the rest of the road on foot? Does not the driver of a waggon take particular care, while he chastises his animal severely, that he may not lame him with the blows, lest he should lose his services? and does the owner of a favourite horse or a racer allow his beast to die at the winning post, unless it may be to secure the bets? No; there is a fine commercial spirit about an Englishman, that will not permit any thing to be lost or destroyed that can be useful to him, or that can fetch him a sixpence.

Besides, in addition to this, is not the same sentiment extended to man? who have more consideration than our people of rank and fashion? Will a *great* man ever forsake you while he can make use of you? and will he ever *cease* making you *promises* while you can continue to please him with *performances?* Will a man of higher rank than yourself ever find out that you are not fit company for him at your *own* well-furnished table? and will a modern friend ever forsake you while you've got a guinea? No, Sir; this is truly a nation of arithmeticians:

ticians: and so used are they to balances in their *own* favour, that no one could ever fail in this happy country, did they not sometimes, in their mutual and reciprocal struggles, pull each other to pieces.

But to return to the particular subject of my letter, "running horses against time," &c. I cannot help noticing another very unreasonable, and, as I believe, a very idle objection of these critics against the sport, that it is shameful for any gentleman to drive his beast so hard, just as if they were not the property of the owner, and subject to such *wear* and *tear* as he the lord and owner may choose.—They would, it seems, fain put us on a level with *brutes*, as the author seems to imply who calls them "joint tenants of the shade." I must, nevertheless, confess that it appears to me something remarkable that men of rank and fashion should be so fond of *driving*, when they themselves are so frequently *driven* in various ways, such as expedients to pass time, borrow money, to get bail, &c. &c. and they have such an habitual dislike to be *spurred* on by an attorney to pay their just debts, or to be *goaded* by a law-suit.

In hopes, Sir, that this epistle may have its proper effect on these censors of our manners, I remain, your humble servant,

OLIVER OLD-MODE.

Old-street Road,
New-Year's Day, 1808.

SPECULATIVE GAMBLING.

IN the present era, when trading companies of all descriptions are so strenuously and *affectionately* advertised for the *good* of the public, it may not be unnecessary to revert to the great South-Sea scheme in 1720, particularly as there are a great number of people, who, though they may not have *sense* enough to take *advice*, may have *feeling* enough to take *warning*.

The inundation of imaginary wealth was such at this period, that luxuries of every kind poured in upon the nation, like a mountain flood, in eating, drinking, apparel, gaming, &c. &c.

'Change-alley was more like a fair crowded with people than a mart of exchange, as were all the avenues leading to it. On busy days, it was the greatest favour to get a transfer done; and frequently, in giving the sum to be bought or sold, a twenty-pound Bank-note was given at the same time, lest the difference of a day might make 100 per cent. It is said there was a little hump-backed man, who, seeing this *mania*, made his fortune by lending his back, as a desk, to make transfers on, to those who could not afford time to run to the coffee-houses.

All questions of public news were absorbed in asking the price of South-Sea stock: it was the first question asked when any two met together at either end of the town, nor was it confined to the metropolis, but flew all over England.

Three hundred millions of pounds were raised by this bubble; and so eager were the general ranks of people to subscribe, that the permits in embryo sold for treble the intended price; but at length the bubble burst, and thousands of families were reduced from opulence to beggary!

In short, such was the rage for all species of gaming and adventuring, which this South-Sea scheme produced, that it nourished a swarm

swarm of sharpers and schemers, who were daily working on the passions of the people for their destruction, as will more particularly appear in the following selection from a number of petitioners for patents to the then Lords Justices (the King being then at Hanover), for raising money upon joint stock and trading companies:—

For inoffensively emptying bog-houses.

For making butter from beech-trees.

For assuring of maidenheads.

For transmuting all metals into gold.

For making deal boards of saw-dust.

For japanning shoes.

For trading in Spanish padlocks.

A scheme to learn wise men to cast nativities, &c. &c. &c. ! ! !

Your's, &c.

ANTI BUBBLE-BLOWER.

January 1, 1808.

ABOLITION
OF THE
ANCIENT OFFICE OF COMMON HUNT,

By the Corporation of the City of London.

THIS Office having been abolished lately, it may not be uninteresting to shew its antiquity, and how connected with the ancient right of chase, as formerly possessed by the Citizens of London.

When the question was agitated in the Court of Common Council lately, it was said by a member, that the office was as *necessary* as that of the Recorder: it certainly, however, was not meant to be urged by the member alluded to, that the office was either as *useful* or *important* as that of the Recorder, but that it was as necessary, in order to preserve the ancient rights and privileges of the citizens of London. That the office of Common Hunt was nearly a sinecure will be admitted; but perhaps some future Lord Mayor may wish for a pack of hounds and a huntsman, and prefer the manly exercise of the chase to the *petit* amusement of swan-hopping upon the Thames.

The Law Officers of the City; viz. the Recorder, Common Serjeant, and senior Counsel, being called upon for their opinion, they, after stating generally that *the abolition of any Office of high antiquity in a Corporation is a measure that ought not to be adopted without the greatest and most mature consideration,* proceed as follows:—

"The right of chase in the royal forests was a privilege possessed by the city of London beyond time of memory, and recognised and confirmed by repeated charters, and was the highest and noblest distinction that a subject could possibly enjoy. The office of Common Hunt can be traced back on the records of this city to the reign of Richard the Second, and is there mentioned as an ancient well-known office, which affords probable evidence that it was coeval with the franchise itself. The change which has taken place in the manners of the country, and the abolition of the royal forests, have very much lessened the value of this once high privilege of the right of chase. But the permanency of the office of Common Hunt, is indisputable evidence of the exercise and enjoyment of a franchise, which marks, more than any thing else can do, the great pre-eminence and high rank held by

by the city of London in times of the remotest antiquity, and renders it impossible ever to draw that important matter into question. The household of the Lord Mayor was formed in close resemblance to that of the Sovereign, for the purpose of maintaining the state and dignity of the first city in the empire. The household establishment of the Sovereign contained in it an officer to mark out peculiarly his prerogative of chase, of which the Sovereigns of old were more proud and jealous than of any other branch of their prerogative. That officer was the Grand Falconer; and though the pursuit of game by the mode of hawking has been in disuse for a century past, this office is still retained in the royal establishment, is an office of very high dignity, and filled by one of the first Peers in the realm, the Duke of Saint Alban's. The Sovereign has other inferior officers of his prerogative of the chase, as the Master of the Buck-Hounds and others, which it would be needless to mention. The office of Common Hunt is the only badge of participation in this high prerogative, that exists in the state of the city of London, as represented in the household establishment of their Chief Magistrate. On account of the great estimation in which the right of chase was held, the Common Hunt took place as the second Esquire of the Lord Mayor's Household.

"To take from the establishment of the Chief Magistrate an Officer who ranks so high in it, and to blot out from the state of the city this type and badge of the very exalted dignity and privilege possessed by it in the remotest days of antiquity, though within the legal powers of the Court of Common Council to effect, might, as we humbly submit to their consideration, be highly inexpedient.

Signed)

"JOHN SILVESTER.
"NEWMAN KNOWLYS.
"JOHN VAILLANT.

" *Chancery-Lane, July* 9, 1807."

INDIAN SPORTS.

FROM HARRIOT'S STRUGGLES THROUGH LIFE.

Mode of Tiger-Shooting.

SOME of the natives will go singly into the most unfrequented wild part of the hills, and remain for two or three days, in the hope of killing a tiger, for the sake of his skin. As their method of proceeding seemed curious to me, the relation may be so to others.

They fix on a tree in a likely situation, whose branches are high, and convenient enough for them to build what they call a man's-nest, which is nothing more than a number of sticks and boughs interwoven among the branches, big enough to lie along upon, and high enough to be out of the spring of a tiger. To this they go in the day-time, carrying boiled rice and water sufficient for the time proposed to watch for the chance of a tiger's passing near enough to fire at with a matchlock gun. The principal danger is in passing to and from their nest, which will serve them for a long time. I have, in some situations, seen two of these nests built near enough, though on different trees, to see, converse with, and aid each other; but they commonly remain perfectly silent the whole time of watching.

Tiger-

Tiger-Shooting by Europeans.

Tiger-shooting may seem hazardous, but, as far as I have seen or known concerning it, there is not much sport, and little or no hazard. Along the skirts of woody hills, where tigers are supposed to haunt, there are commonly ruins of old stone buildings to be found, nearly overgrown, and hid by trees and underwood: the parties going on such exploits provide a kid or goat, and fasten it to a bush in good view of the ruin, on the top of which they secure and hide themselves when evening approaches. The poor animal thus tied, soon begins to bleat loud enough to attract the notice of any tiger that is within a reasonable distance. It requires a a good look-out on every side to watch a tiger's approach, as he creeps along slow and close: when discovered, the musquets are pointed, and follow his motions, until the captain of the party gives the word *fire*. The most favourable moment is, when the tiger crouches to make his spring at the goat. It is usual likewise to have other musquets ready loaded, carried by Sepoys, in case the first fire should not kill the beast.

Hunting the Wild Boar.

Hunting the wild boar is far more preferable than tiger-shooting, requiring both courage and address. There are dogs in India well calculated for this diversion. It is requisite to be out early in the morning, that you may ride to the ground where you expect to find one before day-light. Before these animals retire to their haunts within the woods, they resort to some favourite watering place to lave and drink; the huntsman's aim is to intercept them on their return to the wood.

When found, the dogs are slipped, and the animal, aware of his danger, attempts to gain the wood. Dogs that are well trained and used to it will frequently make their attack in the following way: the boldest will advance a little wide from each side of the boar's head, ready to seize a favourable opportunity, when the fierce animal is thrown off his guard, by an attack in his rear from other dogs, who, assailing his hind legs or flanks, may trip him on his side; or, being wounded by a spear from a horseman during the chase, and turning on such adversary, an opportunity offers to the dogs of seizing him to the best advantage, and keeping clear of his terrible tusks, than which nothing can be more irresistibly destructive, wherever the enraged animal can make a stroke. Dogs frequently fall victims to their fierce rashness in attacking, nor are the horsemen free from danger. A keen bold sportsman will ride up as near to the animal as he thinks he can make sure of throwing his spear with strength enough to pierce his side; but both horse and rider should know what they are about, and be gradually trained by keeping a more respectful distance, until both are well aware what is to be done the instant the spear is thrown.

I will endeavour to make this understood better, by describing the manœuvre. Riding up at about half or three quarters speed, as it may happen, with his spear in one hand and the bridle tight in the other, and standing in his stirrups, he should, at the moment he has thrown his spear, wheel his horse short round on his heel, otherwise they run considerable risk from the highly-enraged animal, when wounded, turning sharp upon them. I witnessed one accident of this kind,

kind, where Ensign L. a fine spirited little fellow, having wounded the boar, from want of address in the management of his horse, or the horse not readily answering the bit, the boar turned quick enough to strike the horse with his tusk, and ripping up his bowels, threw both man and horse. Fortunately, L. escaped any farther injury than the fall, as the men on foot, armed with spears, and some of the horsemen who dismounted, ran up with their spears to the aid of the dogs, and soon dispatched the boar.

Hawking.

The Moormen in India are very fond of hawking, which, to a keen sportsman, I thought more dangerous than either shooting tigers or hunting the wild boar. In what manner it was formerly followed in Europe, when considered as a royal sport, I do not know: but in India, where the game frequently soar so high a sportsman sees but little of the sport, unless, with his eyes constantly fixed, he follows as hard as he can ride, guiding his horse he knows not whither, at the risk of his neck.

"BE GONE DULL CARE."

A COMEDY.

AT Covent-Garden Theatre, on Tuesday the 9th instant, a new Comedy was brought out, under the title of "*Be Gone Dull Care; or, How will it end?*" the Dramatis Personæ of which were as under:—

Lord Blushdale .... Mr. Fawcett.
Sir Arthur St. Albyn ... Mr. Pope.
Captain Modern .... Mr. Lewis.
Algernon St. Albyn (his son) .... Mr. C. Kemble.
Solace .... Mr. Emery.
Danvers .... Mr. Brunton.
Legis .... Mr. Creswell.
Gregory .... Mr. Simmons.
Selina (Sir Arthur's niece and ward) .. Miss Smith.
Cicely .... Miss Norton.
Deborah (housekeeper to Lord Blushdale) Mrs. Davenport.

The plot of the piece may be, in some measure, understood from the following sketch:—

Sir Arthur being involved in great difficulties, to extricate himself from his embarrassments, exerts his utmost influence over Selina to induce her to marry Danvers, (a dissipated young man of fashion) whose uncle, Lord Blushdale, consents to relinquish a claim upon Sir Arthur of 16,000l. immediately upon that event taking place, and the Baronet admitting Danvers to a partnership in certain copper-works on his estate. The young lady frees herself from the addresses of Danvers, whom she detests, by procuring Algernon, (who had been discarded by his father) in a letter to Sir Arthur, to state that he had been privately married to her—and Mr. Solace, the superintendant of the copper-works, who had been grossly insulted by Danvers, prevents the partnership from being concluded, by virtue of a power given him by Sir Arthur's deceased father, who, fearing that his son's pursuits might involve him in improper connexions, had taken this method of prevention, and likewise vested a share of the property in Solace, as the reward of his honesty, industry, and skill.

Selina, accompanied by Captain Modern, seeks a temporary asylum in the house of Solace, and explaining to him that the cause of her retreat is her marriage with Sir Arthur's son, in the presence of Cicely,

ly, an orphan brought up and educated by Solace—that young lady, between whom and Algernon a mutual affection has taken place, distracted at the intelligence, forsakes her home, and in her road to the metropolis is humanely entertained by Deborah. Lord Blushdale at this time arrives at his country-house, having left London to avoid the importunities of place-hunters and dependents; and Danvers, though totally foiled in his designs upon Selina, still exerting every means to become a partner with Sir Arthur, waits upon his uncle, and in an interview with his lordship, not finding him so warm in the cause, he threatens to deprive him of his titles and estates, unless he enforces the payment of his demand upon Sir Arthur, hoping thereby that Solace, to extricate the Baronet, would consent to the measure.

Captain Modern, who had been prevailed upon by Selina to go in search of Cicely, in his pursuit of the poor fugitive, happening to call upon Lord Blushdale, accidentally discovers the villainous designs of Danvers against him, and that he is the rightful heir of the estate and title then possessed by Lord Blushdale, who renounces his claims, and cheerfully resigns those honours which had sat so awkwardly upon him; and the defeated and disappointed Danvers hastily withdraws himself.

Cicely, in consequence of a reward, is restored to her friends; and Sir Arthur, at length convinced of the filial affection of his son, is reconciled to him, and consents to his union with Cicely.

Selina bestows her hand on Modern.

This Comedy is ascribed to the pen of Mr. Reynolds. The interest of the piece is kept alive throughout; the characters are tolerably well drawn; the sentiments strictly appropriate, and the *équivoque* seldom unamusing. It was received with great applause throughout, and its announcement for repetition was sanctioned by the marked approbation of a crowded and brilliant audience.

The Comedy continues to be repeated, and promises to become a favourite with the public.

NEW PEAL OF BELLS.

A New peal of bells, at Flixton, near Manchester, was lately opened by the Society of Change Ringers from Manchester, with grandsire tripples, and, in three hours and forty minutes, rung 5040 changes in that method. The Society of Change Ringers, from Mottram, next took the ropes in hand, only for a short peal, and rung 980 changes of grandsire tripples. Then next came on the College Youths from Ashton-under-line, to ring Mr. John Holt's peal of grandsire tripples, but, after ringing five minutes only, the second bell-ringer was unfortunately taken with the cramp in his arms, and they were under the necessity of immediately setting the bells. The Oldham Youths took their turn, and in the quick time of two hours and forty-seven minutes, brought round the whole peal of grandsire tripples, consisting of 5040 changes, in a proper manner. The Bolton Society of Change Ringers next ascended the steeple, and rung a short peal of grandsire tripples, (they did not attempt the whole length.) Then came on the six bell-ringers from Middleton, Eccles, and

and Prestwich, &c. who rung various peals on the same number of bells, which closed the evening at ten. Next morning was ushered in with the Society of College Youths, from Ashton-under-line, ringing Mr. John Holt's peal of grandsire tripples, containing 5040 changes, which were finely struck, and in the quick time of two hours and forty-five minutes.

TRESPASSES ON THE POWERS OF YOUNG HORSES.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

SPAVINS, ring-bones, crookedness of the joints, and other injuries, are generally brought upon horses by riding them too early, before their tendons are consolidated, and their joints well knit, and more especially from overweighting and putting young horses to severe labour. Hence the *synovia* of the joints, vulgarly called joint-oil, is forcibly squeezed out, and forming lodgments, becomes gradually indurated, and alternately puts on those appearances, the names of which are given above. The joints also, bending under a weight they are unable to support, become lax, vibrate, and diverge from their centre.

Colts with small joints, and small bone beneath the knee, are most liable to the above misfortune, but more especially if they be of large size, and heavy upward, a defect of proportion which too often happens. In that case, the foundation is totally unable to support the superstructure in the early stage, and such horses are incapable of any labour, with the hope of keeping them sound and perfect, until arrived at their full growth. Those only are calculated for work when young, which have their lower joints in full proportion of size and strength to the weight of their upper parts. These are generally small and middle-sized horses. It may be farther observed, that their over weight frequently bends awry the pastern joints of large overgrown colts, a misfortune for which, indeed, Osmar proposed a remedy, hitherto, I believe, untried; but when such colts are worked early, the defect must be infinitely increased, and beyond all remedy.

I have seen the above observations constantly verified in the course of almost forty years practice, and two late examples struck me most forcibly. A short time since I went to examine a barb colt, with the desire, not indeed the expectation, of finding him fit for the stud. He was about thirteen hands and a half high, great extent of shoulder, and well filletted, but with legs of lath, and pasterns which a fine lady might have inclosed in her hands. Weight had been loaded upon him so early, that his fore joints were ruined, and behind he had one confirmed and bulky spavin, with another in full progression. It was one of the mixed breed of southern horses, which are so often imported and tried in our racing studs, as the genuine produce of the mountain and the desert.

The other example was of a large well-bred hunter. This horse's fore pastern joints were bulged out, and enlarged to a monstrous size: and great pity it is, for he is a most beautiful horse, and had he been favoured until five years old, would have been able to carry almost any

weight over the country, and in all probability in a sound state.

This treatment of young horses is certainly both cruel and unjust, and at last I conceive, if properly appreciated, in accordance with no man's real interest.

I am, Gentlemen, your old correspondent and friend,

A BREEDER.

THE TYTHE-FEAST.

A Short time since, the Rev. Mr. . . . . . ., Rector of . . . ., held his "*annual Meeting*," for the purpose of receiving the *cheerful* compositions of his *contented* farmers.—In the early part of the day, his "*Audit room*," at the . . . . and . . . . inn, was *beset* by numbers of these *generous* people, who were "most desirous" of contributing their "*allotted quotas*" of his *very moderate* demand, and it was highly gratifying to observe "the various expressions of *joy*" which appeared in their respective faces, on account of their having to deal with "*so considerate a Parson*." After a few hours had thus been passed, "to the entire satisfaction of *all* concerned," a very numerous party adjourned to "*the Dining room*," to partake of "a most *liberal* and plentiful supply of our *national* fare." The plum puddings were *large* and *abundant*, and intermixed were seen

"Rump, ribs, and sir-loins, smoaking on the board."

On the removal of the cloth, port wine, and goodly bowls of punch, "with sugar sweet, with fruit high-flavoured, and with spirits strong," afforded their united aid to keep alive that gaiety which

"Smiled in each face, and sparkled in each eye."

As soon as Mr. . . . . . . had filled his glass, all were eagerly impatient "to follow so *laudable* an example;" every ear listened for the toast, and when Mr. . . . ., the parish clerk, "with full-mouthed emphasis," *repeated* the same, all, in one voice, with loyalty and zeal, drank

1.

"May lengthen'd years, increase of comforts bring
To George the Third, our good and worthy King;
And may we never live to see the Church
Of good Old England basely—' left i'th' lurch!"

I should, perhaps, be too tedious, were I to enumerate *all* the toasts which were given upon this "*joyous occasion*;" I will therefore confine myself to such only as were *generally* drank in bumpers, and in a peculiar manner *appropriate* to such "a *happy* meeting."

2.

"May each Farmer, with cheerfulness, *reap* where he *sows*;
And good Parsons find Pulpits supported by plows."

3.

"Careful plowing, skilful sowing,
Good crops growing, dext'rous mowing,
Once, at least, in every year;
And, when barns are overflowing,
Willingly, the farmers shewing
What the Parsons *ought* to *share*."

4.

"May the plow find employment for sickle and scythe;
And the Parson and Farmer *agree* for the Tythe."

5.

"Ever may we live to see
Those live well to live who strive;
Wax and Honey to the Bee,
And no *Drones* to rob the Hive."

6.

"May the Farmers and Parsons to rail have no cause,

But

But may each of the other deserve the applause,
And, as long as they live, never quarrel for STRAWS."

7.

"Good farrowing Sows,
Good milking Cows,
Good scouring Plows,
Good Land to till, and fairly rented,
To raise the cash,
Good crops to thrash,
And Priests and Landlords ALL *contented*."

8.

"When Farmers shew a disposition
To pay the Priests fair composition,
May those to take it not inclin'd,
Of good *Hemp* crops 'take Tythe in kind."

9.

"May Parsons practise what they preach,
May Farmers mind what Parsons teach,
May ever each think well of each,
And disputes about Tythe ne'er occasion a breach."

10.

"May the Plow and the Cow fill the Barn and the Pail,
Furnish Butter and Cream, and find work for the Flail;
May the Farmers at Parsons have no cause to rail,
But with readiness pay them the Tythe 'on the nail."

11.

"May all owners of Land make the Farmers content,
By considering Tythe as a part of the Rent;
And all Parsons all Farmers so liberal find,
As to pay them the worth if they took Tythe in kind."

12.

Now the Rector expressing his wish that "rich leas
Of Wheat, Rye, Barley, Vetches, Oats, and Pease,"
Might produce them such Crops as to pay Tythe with ease,
Fill'd his glass the twelfth time, with "a smile of delight,"
And then drinking "their healths," wish'd them all a good night.
But the Farmers, who like "twenty-two to a score,"
Put the Clerk in the Chair, and drank ten bumpers more;
Where, "like master like man," he no character lost,
But continued the Feast with this clerical Toast:

13.

"May the Parsons and Farmers like brothers agree;
May the first take one part, and the last three times three;
And when Parsons of Farmers but ask 'One in ten,'
May the Farmers, as I do, all answer Amen!"

They their glasses all fill'd, when the Clerk gave the word,
And "So be it," in bumpers, was drank round the board.

But, for brevity's sake, I shall now deem it fit,
Their eight following toasts in this place to omit;
But their tenth and last toast, as they've drank it for years
In large full-flowing bumpers, with three times three cheers,
Should to all who hold farms in the kingdom be told,
And for Parsons be printed "*In Letters of Gold*."
'Twas—"Our worthy good Priest, and the Rector who *so* does,
'Let us pray,' may be made for all Parsons—"*A Modus*."

Thus the day pass'd away, I with truth can declare,
To the perfect contentment of all who were there:
Do you print this account, that your Readers, at least,
May be told that some Farmers enjoy "*a Tythe Feast!*"

GIPSEY SOLDIERS.

Mr. Editor,

AMONG the various nations, whether civilised or heathenish, which have appeared in battle array as regular troops, it may be new to most of your readers to hear of gipsey soldiers. In two Hungarian regiments, nearly every eighth man is a gipsey. But their innate properties seem to be incompatible

with their profession, and they have little of the essential requisites for serviceable soldiers. The following incident, taken from the Hungarian annals, may serve as proof, whether this suspicion be or be not well founded.

"In 1557, the castle of Nagy Ida, in Hungary, was in danger of being taken by the Imperial troops. The commander collected a thousand gipsies, and stationed them in the outworks with proper means of defence. Every thing was in order when the enemy arrived, and the storm commenced. The gipsies, behind their fortifications, returned the enemy's fire with such alacrity, that the assailants, little suspecting who were the defendants, were actually retreating. They had hardly quitted the ground, when the conquerors, elated with joy on their victory, crept out of their holes, crying after them, "Go and be hanged, you rascals! Thank God we had no more powder and shot, or we would have played the very devil with you!" "What!" replied the retiring besiegers, as they turned about, and, to their great astonishment, instead of regular troops, discovered a motley gipsey tribe—"are you the heroes? is it so with you!" Immediately they drove the black crew back to their works, and in a few minutes totally subdued them."

There are many instances of gipsies having been employed in military expeditions. In the thirty-years war, the Swedes had a body of them in their army. And when, in 1686, Hamburgh was besieged by the Danes, there were three companies of them in the Danish army. They are still employed by the Turks in flying parties, to burn, plunder, or lay waste, the enemy's country.

For further details on this singular race of outcasts, I must refer your readers to the writings of Professor Grellmann. Your's,

NO GIPSEY.

Should the French attempt a landing on the Kentish coast, in the hop-season, government might levy a large body of these heroes, who are employed to pick hops.

THE ALMOND TUMBLER.

An Engraving, executed with great Taste, from a Painting by Mr. Ward.

BUFFON, in his Natural History, bestows many pages on the PIGEON, the various sorts of which are numerous, but all derive their origin from one species, namely the *Stock Dove*, simply meaning the *stock* or *stem* from whence the other domestic kinds have been propagated. By the art of man, these kinds have been so mixed as to produce the beautiful specimens to be met with in the tribe of pigeons.

To illustrate the one we have selected for the subject of our plate, we offer the following as the best account of it:—

"The *Almond Tumbler*, or, as it is by some called, the *ermine tumbler*, is a very beautiful and valuable species, and derived its origin from the common tumblers, (which it nearly resembles in shape and make,) by being judiciously matched so as to sort the feather, to wit, yellows, duns, whites, blacks, black-grizzled, black-splashed, &c. but as these require a length of time, they are not attainable without patience and perseverance: however, when they are brought to a tolerable degree

J. Ward pinx.t H. R. Cook sculp.

Almond Tumbler.

Published Feb.y 1.st 1806, by J. Wheble Warwick Square

gree of perfection, they are esteemed by some as the greatest curiosity in the whole tribe of pigeons.

"Some of these birds are so magnificently elegant in their plumage, that the rump, tail, back, and flight, have been compared to a bed of the finest and best-broken tulips, or to a piece of the best and highest polished Egyptian pebble; the more they are variegated in the flight and tail, especially if the ground is yellow, the greater is the value set upon them; for those of a fine bright yellow ground have always the precedence of all other colours, it being the colour the hardest to acquire. To be complete in feather, the rump, back, and breast, must be variegated, and the flight not barred. There are some of these pigeons that are variously and curiously intermixed with the three colours only, as yellow, white, and black, but these are very scarce. The almond tumbler never arrives at its full beauty of feather till it has moulted several times, and what is remarkable, it increases in beauty every year; but in the decline of life, when it is very old, changes to a mottled, splashed, or some other colour."

KAIS; OR, LOVE IN THE DESERTS.

DRURY-LANE, FEB. 11.

THE following are the principal characters in this new Opera;

Amri, an Emir, or Noble, Father of Leila .. Mr. Raymond.
Ahmed, Father of Kais, an Arabian Elder ..... Mr. Powell.
Kais, beloved of Leila .. Mr. Braham.
Almanzor, a favourite Page of Kais .... Miss Lyon.
Almoran, a Circassian (first appearing under the feigned name of Marvelozo, in the character of a Teller of Tales, and Keeper of a Coffee Shed,) beloved by Rozella ...... Mr. Bannister.
Rashed, an old Slave of the Emir's .... Mr. Matthews.
Salem, an Officer of the Emir's, in love with Leila .... Mr. Kelly.
Prince of Egypt .... Mr. Putnam.

Arab Chiefs.

Osmar .... Mr. Smith.
Hassan .... Mr. Dignum.
Hali .... Mr. Cook.

Arabs.

Messrs. Gibbon, Miller, Maddocks, Fitzsimmons, Webb, Fisher, Evans, Tokeley, &c.
Leila, Daughter of Amri, beloved by Kais .... Mrs. Mountain.
Rozella, a Greek, kidnapped from Circassia, beloved by Almoran .... Signora Storace.
An old Slave .... Miss Tidswell.

The scene is laid out at Cairo, its environs and deserts. The following is a sketch of the fable:

Amri, a proud imperious Emir, disapproving of the love of Kais for his daughter Leila, forbids his appearance near his tents, having designed her for the bride of Salem, his favourite. Kais, under the disguise of a dervise, endeavours to procure an interview with his mistress, in which he is aided by Rozella, a Circassian, the slave of Leila. A meeting is appointed by the lovers, under the spreading planetree, where Almoran, under the feigned name of Marvelozo, and master of a coffee-shed, resides. Amri, having suspicions of his daughter, follows her—surprises Kais, and reproaches Leila. Kais flies to the deserts in despair, and Leila is guarded to her father's tents.

Almoran being informed by Almanzor, the faithful page of Kais, that

that Rozella, whom he is come in pursuit of from Circassia, is amongst the Emir's slaves, and is teazed with the love of Rashed, an aged slave, disguises himself as a travelling perfumer, and meeting his mistress, Rozella, plans her escape. Leila, informed of Kais's flight to the deserts, flies her father's tents, and in a pilgrim's habit falls at the feet of Ahmed, an Arabian Elder, and father to Kais, to entreat his assistance in pursuit of her lover.

Almoran and Rozella join the caravan of Pilgrims on their march from Cairo to Mecca. They are attacked in the deserts by the Arabs, and separated, as are Leila and Ahmed, who are met by the same banditti in their search for Kais.

Kais is traced by Almanzor, and being informed of Leila's flight in search of him, returns to meet her, but is again driven to despair by the torrents of the sands.

A meeting of Amri and Ahmed takes place, where each reproaches the other with the loss of his child; the Prince interferes, and reconciles the enraged parents.

Leila being seized by the Arabs, is rescued by the generosity of Almoran.

Officers having been dispatched in search of the wanderers, a general meeting ensues. They return to the city of Cairo, which is illuminated, and a general rejoicing takes place.

Kais, the hero of the piece, is a species of Octavian. Love and poetry occupy all his thoughts. He is an enthusiastic poet and a distracted lover. The interest of the plot arises out of his stratagems to obtain access to his mistress, and his separations; by which, driven to despair, he flies through the desert, lamenting his sorrow and his passion amidst the rocks and wilds. Mr. Brandon, who has adopted these beautiful children of Mr. D'Israeli's fancy, has provided, however, better for them than their natural parent. In the original, Kais and Leila are consigned to the tomb. Mr. Brandon crowns them with joy in the temple of Hymen.

The music and scenery are the most beautiful that have been for a long time presented to the public. Some national allusions in the dialogue, which were on the first night considered by the audience as courting applause, were omitted. The piece continues to go off with increased effect.

THE HUMOURS OF WHIST,

A DRAMATIC SATIRE.

Continued from page 185.

SCENE changes to Lord Stakeland's House.

Enter Lord Stakeland and Lord Rally.

Ld. Stake. I Am greatly obliged to your Lordship for the trouble you have given yourself in my son's affair.

Ld. Ral.—I beg you will not mention it, my Lord. Well! what a meanness there is in guilt! Sir John Tricklad and his colleague were so thunder-struck! in such confusion when I went to them, it made me almost pity them. The moment I told them your Lordship's resolution, with silly looks, faultering voice, and trembling hands, they resigned all; and are preparing to go into the country to avoid reproaches, and till the remembrance of so villainous a transaction is buried in oblivion.

Ld.

Ld. Stake.—Time may do much, my Lord. But what reparation can they ever make me for the disorder they have caused in my family? Here, they rob me of a son I love tenderly, and force me to act a severity, my heart is no ways consenting to.

Ld. Rai.—The situation is affecting I grant, my Lord; but in my opinion you cannot well act otherwise.

Ld. Stake.—I am proud your Lordship approves my design. Here comes his poor mother. She has been with him, to let him know my intentions. I must desire, my Lord, what has passed may as yet remain a secret to her. A mother's tenderness might entirely defeat the effects of my scheme.

Enter Lady Stakeland.

Lady Stake.—Your son, my Lord, attends you, and is all obedience to your will. Now let me conjure you not to deal severely with him. His load of grief is already too great to be sustained. Do not, then, add to it, by reproofs which are now, alas, too late.

Ld. Stake.—Madam, I have considered well—nor would admit him, if I could not command my temper.

Lady Stake.—He's here—Unhappy youth!

Enter Young Stakeland.

[*Falls at his Father's Feet.*]

Y. Stake.—Permit me, Sir, to approach you as an offender ought, who wishes to shew some compunction for his offence.

Ld. Stake.—Rise Harry—It is some consolation under my affliction, to hear you are in such good dispositions.

Y. Stake.—I must be a stock, Sir, if I were insensible what I have brought myself to, by my too great facility in rushing into the fashionable follies of the age—I am an outcast—a voluntary beggar—and have forfeited all claim to name, family, and fortune.

Ld. Stake.—No, Harry—You have still preserved the noblest and best part of your birth-right—your honour. Had you descended to become associate with your vile undoers, and earn an infamous subsistence by those base arts which have undone yourself, you had indeed become an alien to my blood and favour. But, for the sake of that generous contempt, with which I hear you treated such mean offers, I forgive you all; and though I am obliged to send you from my sight, as the only expedient we could devise in your present circumstances, be not disconsolate——you shall still find I cannot forget I am a father.

Y. Stake.—Mistake not, Sir, that I repine at your wise pleasure. I do not wish to stay a moment longer: But if my heart is bursting, to see mother, sister, relations, friends, and all the family in tears on my account, O charge it not, I beseech you, to any unwillingness to obey you.

Ld. Stake.—Keep down heart. [*Aside.*

Lady Stake.—I can bear no longer—O, my Lord! Is this to be a father? [*Weeps.*

Y. Stake.—Dear,—dear Madam—abate those precious tears, or I shall dissolve away. [*Weeps.*

Lady Stake.—If your son, my Lord, must go—must leave this abominable town, what necessity is there to send him into banishment? Why will not some part of England do as well?

Ld. Stake.—Do you think, my dear, that I have it in my power to give you an answer now? [*Weeps.*]

Come,

Come, come, let us suspend our griefs—I expect some friends here, and I would not receive them in such depth of sorrow.

Enter Sir Calculation, Sir John Medium, and Capt. Rookwood.

Capt. Rook.—[*to Sir Cal. aside entering.*] You saw they did what they pleased with us, Sir Calculation.

Sir Cal.—[*aside to the Capt.*] Why they had all the court cards—all the game in their hands; they might well do what they pleased with you, though, methinks, you might have forced them oftener than you did—My Lords,—Madam,—your most obedient.—Dear Harry, bear up, man—We'll all cross the water and pay thee a visit—eh, Lord Rally, Sir John, Captain.

All Three.—Ay, ay, we'll make a party.

Capt. Rook.—Dear Lord Stakeland, I'm sorry to see things at this extremity——I just called at Sir John Tricklad's as I came along, and he tells me ——

Ld. Stake.—I desire, Captain, you will not mention his name—'tis very ill-timed.

Capt. Rook.—Your Lordship's pardon—Hah! here's Arabella.

Enter Arabella.

Hark ye, Arabella—how could you mortify me so just now?

Ara.—As how, Captain?

Capt. Rook.—Why, in returning me the trifle you had of me at Lady Te.ace's.

Ara.—By whom, for Heaven's sake?

Capt. Rook.—By whom! why, by Sir John Medium, Madam; and by making him your agent, one would think you suspected me of having some sinister views.

Ara.—How's this! I'm strangely alarmed! [*Aside.*

Capt. Rook.—What confusion she is in! I shrewdly suspect we are both imposed upon, and that this is one of Sir John's delicatesses. He had certainly heard of the affair, and so paid me, in her name, without her knowledge. I-gad! I have no business here. I'll sneak off most politely. [*Aside.—Exit Capt.*

1st. Sist.—Dear Arabella, 'tis kind to come and see the last of my poor brother.

Ara.—I'm very sorry I have the occasion, my dear. We are often as impertinent in our respect to a friend, as we should be accounted rude without any.

Enter a Servant.

Serv.—My Lord—I come——

Ld. Stake.—Well,—what's the matter?

Serv.—I come—I must beg your Lordship's pardon—I feel something rising from my heart, and I cannot speak till it has had vent at my eyes. [*after weeping some time.*

Ld. Stake.—Well—now—speak your message.

Serv.—[*in a faultering voice.*] The coach, my Lord,—the coach—that is to carry—young master—is—at—the door. [*weeps.*

Lady Stake.——O Harry! O Harry! I shall never see you more! [*weeps.*

Y. Stake.—Dear Madam—sisters do not rend my heart!

Serv.—And the baggage——

Ld. Stake.—Well——What of the baggage?

Serv.—'Tis all put up, my Lord; and the governor is in the coach waiting.

Ld. Stake.—[*after a pause.*] Well, Harry—Take a manly leave of your friends here—

Company.—Nay, nay, my Lord, we are resolved to see him in the coach.

Ld.

Ld. Stake.—Well—give me one embrace, Harry.—Resign yourself, my dear boy, to that Providence, who by means inscrutable often sends relief when least it is expected.——My blessing and best wishes attend you——Farewell——.

Y. Stake.—Farewell, Sir.--Grant Heaven, I may be the last unwary youth, that thus brings sorrow and confusion on his family.

[*Exeunt all but Lord Stakeland.*]

Ld. Stake.—How shocking to reflection, when a man seriously weighs the many evils that may flow from this reigning vice of gaming! It is grown out of all parallel of former times, and improved into a monster that is truly to be feared. It has poisoned the honour of our nobility and gentry; and, like liquor, as it stirs up all the passions, so it renders them capable of any meanness, any fraud, any villainy. Assemblies and coffee-houses, that in themselves are useful and agreeable, are now become the most dangerous places a young person can frequent.—Yet, what is there, after all, so bewitching in play! It is at best but an amusement; and how many thousand more manly amusements may not one find? Yet in this alone we pass whole days and nights——neglect our affairs—our duties—endanger our health, fortune, reputation, and very often virtue.—Dreadful infatuation!

Re-enter Lord Rally, Sir John Medium, Sir Calculation, and Arabella.

Sir Cal.—Egad, Lord Rally, I have seen enough to-night to make a man forswear play as long as he lives.

Ld. Ral.—And woman too, Sir Calculation!

Ara.—That's at me. [*Aside.*

Ld. Stake.—But what have you done with Lady Stakeland, Arabella?

Ara.—Poor dear Lady! her agony was so great, she was not able to support herself—she's gone to lie down a moment.

Ld. Stake.—I shall soon be able to give her consolation.

Ara.—Pray, do it this instant, then.

Ld. Stake.—First, let me clear myself to the company, lest you should think me cruel in what I have done. You must know, gentlemen, that my son is safe in his fortune: the deeds of reversion are returned. But nevertheless I judged it necessary to keep him ignorant of it, and make the impression of his misfortune sink the deeper; and likewise convenient to send him into a kind of banishment for some time, the better to wean him of his bad company, and destructive haunts. By this means, I hope he will return truly a comfort to us; and which, when Lady Stakeland is made properly acquainted with, I doubt not but it will have all the effect we could wish.

Sir Cal.—Your Lordship has calculated to admiration!

Sir John.—Acted with consummate prudence.—Happy escape!

Ara.—And I fancy, Sir John, you could suggest another.

Sir John.—I know not what you mean, Arabella.

Ara.—Yes, you do; but perhaps you may not think it happy.

Sir John.—Pray, let me understand you.—Happy escape! What? To whom?

Ara.—To one not very far from you.

Sir John.—Mysterious still.

Ara.—Come, come, Sir John, I find you have too much delicacy to understand——But, pray, satisfy me in one thing.

Sir John.—If I can, Madam.

Ara.—I know you can.—How came you to know of my being indebted to Capt. Rookwood?

Sir John.—Lady Deuce happened to overhear the offer.

Ara.—And my indiscretion in accepting it too, I suppose——— Well——How delicate to pay it him unknown to me! I must ever acknowledge it; nor will I blush before all this company to own, I now perceive the precipice I was falling from, and bless my generous deliverer.—You have paid five hundred pounds, Sir John, out of my fortune, indeed, but I believe you will think it well laid out,——that is, if you continue in the same dispositions towards me you have long professed.

Sir John.—And shall eternally, Madam.

Ara.—Then here's my hand, and with it a heart, which from this night's adventure has learned to despise that bewitching evil——gaming.

Company.—Joy, joy, Sir John.

Sir John.—This is an event, my Lords, deserves the name of transport, rapture!

Hence taught to shun the Tricklads of the town,
Let the wise mean your future pleasures crown.

PERSONAL QUARREL IN AMERICA,

BETWEEN MR. RANDOLPH AND GEN. WILKINSON.

THIS quarrel originated in the former's charging the latter with being a pensioner of Spain. One of the documents produced by Mr. Randolph to Congress, in support of his charge against Wilkinson, is as follows:—

TRANSLATION.

In the galley the Victoria, Bernardo Molina, Patron, there have been sent to Don Vincent Folch, nine thousand six hundred and forty dollars, which sum, without making the least use of it, you will hold at my disposal, to deliver it at the moment that an order may be presented to you by the American General, Don James Wilkinson. God preserve you many years.

The BARON DE CARONDELET.

New Orleans, 20*th Jan.* 1796.

To Senor Don Thomas Portel.

I certify that the foregoing is a copy of its original, to which I refer. (Signed) THOMAS PORTEL.

New Madrid, 27*th June*, 1796.

From Washington, Dec. 31.

THIS morning the town was alarmed by bills, stuck up at every tavern, corners of streets, &c. The following is a copy:—

HECTOR UNMASKED:

In justice to my character, I denounce to the world, John Randolph, Member of Congress, a prevaricating, base, calumniating scoundrel, poltroon, and coward.

JAS. WILKINSON.

Correspondence between Randolph and Wilkinson.

Washington, Dec. 24, 1807.

SIR—I understand several expressions have escaped you, in their nature personal, and highly injurious to my reputation. The exceptionable language imputed to you, may be briefly and substantially compassed in the following statement. That you have avowed your opinion I was a rogue—that you have ascribed to me the infernal disposition to commit murder, to prevent the exposition of my sinistre

nister designs, and through me have stigmatised those Citizen Soldiers who compose the meritorious military corps of our country.

No person can be more sensible of the pernicious tendency of such cruel and undeserved reflections, in their application to public men or private individuals, than yourself; nor is any man more competent to determine the just reparation to which they establish a fair claim. Under these impressions, I can have no hesitation to appeal to your justice, your magnanimity, and your gallantry, to prescribe the manner and the measure of redress, being persuaded your decision will comport with the feelings of a man of honour, and that you will be found equally prompt to assert a right or repair a wrong.

I transmit this letter through the post-office, and shall expect your answer by such channel as you may deem most proper.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

(Signed) JAS. WILKINSON.

The Hon. John Randolph.

SIR—Several months ago I was informed of your having said, that you were acquainted with what had passed in the grand jury-room at Richmond last spring, and that you had declared a determination to challenge me. I am to consider your letter of last night, by mail, as the execution of this avowed purpose, and, through the same channel, return you my answer.

Whatever may have been the expressions used by me, in relation to your character, they were the result of deliberate opinion, founded upon the most authentic evidence, the greater part of which my country imposed upon me the painful duty to weigh and to decide upon; they were such as, to my knowledge and to yours, have been delivered by hundreds of the first men in the Union, and probably by a full moiety of the American people. In you, Sir, I can recognise no right to hold me accountable for my public or private opinion of your character, that would not subject me to an equal claim from Colonel Burr, or Serjeant Dunbaugh. I cannot descend to your level. This is my final answer.

(Signed) JOHN RANDOLPH.

Brigadier-General Wilkinson.

Washington, Dec. 23.

SIR—I have received your letter of the 25th instant, by mail, in which you violate truth and honour, to indulge the inherent malignity and rancour of your soul. On what 'level,' pray Sir, shall we find the wretch, who, to masque his cowardice, fabricates falsehoods, and heaps unprovoked insults upon unmerited injuries? You, John Randolph, are this man, and your own breast can best solve the proposition. You 'cannot descend to my level!' vain equivocal thing! And do you believe this dastardly subterfuge will avail you, or that your lion's skin will longer conceal your true character? Embrace the alternative still within your reach, and ascend to the 'level' of a gentleman, if possible; act like a man, if you can, and spare me the pain of publishing you to the world, for an insolent, slanderous, prevaricating poltroon.

JAMES WILKINSON.

John Randolph, Esq.

N.B. The first idea suggested by the indecency of your response to my letter, was the chastisement of

of my cane, from which the sacred respect I owe to the station you occupy in the Councils of the nation has alone protected you; and to the consequent conflict of feeling and duty must be ascribed the delay of this note.

General Wilkinson has applied for a Court of Enquiry.

WINNERS OF THE ST. LEGER STAKES.

THE following is a complete List of the Winners of the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster, from their first commencement :—

Owners.	Winners.	Sires.	Years.
Lord Rockingham's	brown bay filly	Sampson	1776
Mr. Sotheron's	Bourbon	Le Sang	1777
Sir T. Gascoigne's	Hollandoise	Match'em	1778
Mr. Stapleton's	Tommy	Wildair	1779
Mr. Bethell's	Ruler	Young Marsk	1780
Colonel Radcliffe's	Serina	Goldfinder	1781
Mr. Goodricke's	Imperatrix	Alfred	1782
Sir J. L. Kaye's	Phenomenon	King Herod	1783
Mr. Coates's	Omphale	Highflyer	1784
Mr. Hill's	Cowslip	Highflyer	1785
Lord A. Hamilton's	Paragon	Paymaster	1786
Lord A. Hamilton's	Spadille	Highflyer	1787
Lord A. Hamilton's	Young Flora	Highflyer	1788
Lord Fitzwilliam's	Pewett*	Tandem	1789
Mr. Goodricke's	Ambidexter	Phenomenon	1790
Mr. Hutchinson's	Young Traveller	King Fergus	1791
Lord A. Hamilton's	Tartar	Florizel	1792
Mr. Clifton's	Ninety-three	Florizel	1793
Mr. Hutchinson's	Beningbrough	King Fergus	1794
Sir C. Turner's	Hambletonian	King Fergus	1795
Mr. Cookson's	Ambrosio	Sir Peter Teazle	1796
Mr. Goodricke's	Lounger	Drone	1797
Sir T. Gascoigne's	Symmetry	Delpini	1798
Sir H. T. Vane's	Cockfighter	Overton	1799
Mr. Wilson's	Champion	Pot-Eighto's	1800
Mr. Goodricke's	Quiz	Buzzard	1801
Lord Fitzwilliam's	Orville	Beningbrough	1802
Lord Strathmore's	Remembrancer	Pipator	1803
Mr. Mellish's	Sancho	Don Quixote	1804
Mr. Mellish's	Staveley	Shuttle	1805
Mr. Clifton's	Fyldener	Sir Peter Teazle	1806
Lord Fitzwilliam's	Paulina	Sir Peter Teazle	1807

* The Duke of Hamilton's Zanga, by Laurel, came in first, but in consequence of a jostle, proved to have been given by the Duke's rider, Pewett was deemed the winner, and Lord Fitzwilliam received the Stakes.

SIN-

SINGULAR CASES OF HYDROPHOBIA.

THE following letter was lately addressed to the Editor of the Chester Chronicle :—

SIR—Canine madness, during the last winter and this autumn, has been so frequent in London and its neighbourhood, as to cause universal alarm, especially as the efficacy of the Ormskirk, and every other internal remedy, is totally disproved. All individuals are certainly bound to make public any discovery for the general good, (though self-interest too often prevails to prevent it ;) I therefore beg you will, in your next paper if possible, publish the following cases :—

Thomas Dale, farmer, who lived in Alsager, in this county, going into his brother's yard, who kept a large mastiff, the dog, though perfectly acquainted with him, flew at him, and seized him by the arm, which he lacerated in a dreadful manner, making several wounds. He directly came to me, much alarmed ; I washed the wounds with muriatic acid, or spirit of salt, which brought on inflammation, and an abscess was the consequence, but considering the extent of the wounds was little trouble to him. He took both the Ormskirk medicine and ash-coloured liverwort, to appease his mind. The dog bit a pig, which went mad, and was so violent they were obliged to shoot him.

John Barritt, farmer, in Betchton, near Sandbach, was milking one evening in his cow-house, when a small terrier dog came in ; he took it in his arms, and carried it into the house, to shew his wife and children what a beautiful little animal he had got ; whilst he had it in his arms, it seized him by the thumb, and died in a convulsion, in the act of biting. There were two wounds, which were treated in the same manner as Thomas Dale's : but as the wounds were small, little inflammation ensued.

John Downs, an apprentice to Mr. Twiss, smith, in Odd Rode, was bit by a neighbour's dog ; he seized him just above the shoe, and there was a wound at least two inches long on each side the tendo achilles. I did not see him until more than twenty-four hours had elapsed : I washed the wounds with muriatic acid, and applied a common poultice to prevent inflammation ; on the third day I repeated the application of the acid. He took, three or four times a day, two spoonfuls of a mixture, composed of half an ounce of the acid, a pint of water, and a little syrup. No other means were used ; very little inflammation succeeded, and the boy did very well, though several animals went mad that were bit by the same dog.

I took no notes of these cases, the two first of which occurred many years back ; but the last was in June, 1806, and I believe the parties are all living. I preferred the muriatic to any other acid, in consequence of the old custom of dipping dogs, &c. in brine, who were bit by a rabid animal, and am confident of its superior success, to incision, actual cautery, or any dry caustic, as the washing the wound with the acid finds the depth each tooth penetrates, and am so confident of its success, that I fancy I should not feel the least uneasiness in being obliged to try its efficacy on myself.

I am, Sir, your very humble servant, RICHARD TWEMLOW.

Stone Chair, Lawton, Cheshire,
26th Dec. 1807.

DR.

Dr. James Hamilton, of Ipswich, in his Treatise on Rabid Madness, gives several cases where infection was taken without a wound:—A young woman had her apron torn and slavered by a mad dog, but no wound was given; after mending the rent before the saliva was washed off or dried, she bit off the thread with her teeth, and took the infection. A man introduced his hand into the mouth of a mad dog, without receiving any bite, or having any abrasion of the cuticle, yet hydrophobia took place.—Another, in kissing his dog previous to its being drowned, caught the infection. From these, and several other similar cases, it is evident that a wound is not absolutely necessary; and it is extremely probable that simple ablution would have been an effectual preventative.

Dr. Hamilton thinks, that no case has been sufficiently authenticated of true rabid affection taking place from the bite or saliva of any animals but the dog or cat kind, (including the fox, wolf, &c.) though he allows tetanic affections very much resembling it may be induced; but the difference, in his idea, may be ascertained by the latter appearing from the first to the eighth day, whereas true rabid infection will not appear till near three weeks after the accident.

HYDROPHOBIA SUCCESSFULLY TREATED BY DR. MOSELEY.

Mrs. Hannah Lacase, aged thirty years, No. 32, Rupert-street, came to me at Albany, in the afternoon of the 15th of last month (December) for advice, having been bitten by a mad dog. She informed me, that on Tuesday evening, the 1st of December, she saw a little dog on opening the street-door, at the threshold, trembling, as if suffering from cold. She let him into the house, and put some bread and milk before him, of which, she thinks, he ate a little. On Wednesday, the 2d, he took no notice of food, and seemed stupid, and slept all day under the tables and chairs. One of his eyes appeared blind; he had a running at his nose, and was paralytic in his loins, and dragged his hind legs after him. She carried him into her room when she went to bed. About midnight she heard him tumbling on the floor, and he continued in that disturbed state until morning.—On Thursday, the 3d, she rose early, and while she was lighting the fire, the dog ran at her, and snapped at her right leg, and tore the stocking. In putting him away with her right hand, he seized her little finger in his mouth, and made two small punctures near the end of it with his teeth. He died an hour afterwards. The punctures, though small, must have been deep, or the poison greatly virulent; as she said the pain in her finger, for two hours, was excessive. When the severity of the pain abated, a sensation came on like the pricking of pins, which continued for about a quarter of an hour, and then ceased. On Friday, the 4th, the pain returned in the finger, and continued for about an hour. After an interval of three days, it returned again, and remained for a little time. On Friday and Saturday, the 11th and 12th, she was attacked with a numbness in the finger and hand, with some pain, which advanced to the elbow. The numbness and pain went off in about ten minutes each time. In the course of her sufferings, she went to a very respectable Surgeon, who proposed

to

to have the bitten part removed, but she objected to it. On Tuesday, the 15th, being very ill, she came to me. The numbness and pain which she experienced on Friday and Saturday, returned, this morning. Her whole hand was suddenly affected while she was blowing the fire, and the use of it almost entirely taken away.—The bitten finger became livid, but the lividness disappeared in an hour or two. When she came to me, her hand was quite stiff; the finger was hot, and in much pain. She was in great perturbation of mind and body. Her eyes were glassy, and inflamed. She sighed almost continually. Her whole nervous system was extremely affected. Pulse 120, weak, and irregular. No thirst. Nothing remarkable in the throat. She said her dreams for several nights before were shocking; that on the preceding night she could not remain in bed; but got up, put on her clothes, and went down stairs, fancying the house on fire; and that her head was distracted with a noise, which seemed to her like the rattling of coaches.

I offered her some water; but could not prevail on her to attempt to drink it. She said she could not; and was seized with a trembling. She had no difficulty in swallowing any liquid, notwithstanding, as was afterwards proved. I then brought a pewter bason filled with water, and slopped it about before her; but on much agitating the water, and pouring it out of the basin into a pewter pot, and from thence back to the basin a few times, she looked at it with horror, and was so distressed, without having any idea of my motives, that she begged I would take it away, or that she could not stay in the room. When appeased by the removal of the water, after this experiment, she told me, that in the morning, as she was drawing some water from the cistern in the yard, she was seized with a trembling, giddiness of the head, and terror, at the sight and noise of the water running into the pail. She was ignorant of the cause. I knew, from woeful experience, what mischief was at hand: but knowledge without promptitude, like promptitude without knowledge, here is of no avail. I desired her to go immediately home, and go to bed. I should have had doubts of the utility of applying my usual caustics, *Lapis Infernalis* and *Butter of Antimony* (the cure in recent cases), to the bitten parts, which were healed in three days after the accident, and had now no other visible remains than two small indentations of the skin—but that the state of the finger and hand shewed the virus was still active in the parts adjacent to the original wounds. Therefore I had the skin removed where the wounds had been; and instituted a drain, which was continued through the whole process of treatment.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, I had an ounce of *Unguentum Mercuriale fortius* well rubbed in by herself, about her neck, throat, thighs, and legs; then gave her the following draught, with directions to promote perspiration every way possible.

R. Julep. è Camphora, unc. 2.
Spt. Volat. Aromat. dr. 1.
Rad. Valerian. recent. pulv. dr. ½.
Misce, et fiat haustus.

This draught was repeated every four hours.

I visited her in the evening, and found her in a great perspiration, pulse 112, small, and tremulous. She had some sleep after the friction and draught. The sighing, terror,

terror, and dread of water, still remained. When the door was shut with some noise, she started up in bed much frightened. She could not bear the light of a candle in her chamber. I asked her why? She said it appeared to her like the light of twenty candles, and distracted her head. I ordered the mercurial friction to be repeated at five o'clock the next morning.

On the 16th, I visited her in the forenoon. She had perspired profusely during the whole night, and had slept at intervals. Her breath was already very offensive, and her gums sore from the two frictions, within the space of nineteen hours. Pulse 96, but irregular; all symptoms abated. I ordered the draught to be continued, and a repetition of the friction at five o'clock in the afternoon. I visited her again at nine o'clock in the evening. She had perspired considerably all the day. Her gums were much affected by the mercury, and the saliva began to flow plentifully.—I ordered the draught to be continued, and the friction to be repeated at five o'clock the following morning.

On the 17th, I visited her about noon. The mercury had disordered her bowels in the night, and brought on tormina and bloody stools. Thus the salivation was checked, and the draught necessarily discontinued. The evils being removed, the salivation returned in the most extensive manner, and continued until the 29th, when it began to abate, declined gradually, and ceased. Four ounces of the ointment, all that was used, were rubbed in, and completely so, at four frictions, within forty-eight hours. She is now in perfect health, and I am under no apprehension concerning her safety.

This is the only case of complete hydrophobia, from the bite of a mad dog, successfully treated, on record. But in this case the hydrophobia was recent, and timely discovered. The dyscataposis, or difficulty in swallowing, and the choaking, had not begun their dreadful parts of the tragedy. A few hours more would inevitably have produced them: then all hopes would have been cut off from any advantage by internal remedies, which are now of the utmost auxiliary importance, in preventing, what can never be cured—these direful precursors of the fatal Rabies.

It has been customary to call this disease by the general name of Hydrophobia, but that is incorrect; therefore I divide the disease into three stages:—

I. *Hydrophobia,* or the dread of water.

II. *Dyscataposis,* or difficulty in swallowing, and choaking.

III. *Rabies,* or convulsion, attended with spitting and foaming at the mouth.

It is my practice, and I recommend it to others, when called to patients bitten by a mad dog, to try them immediately, and from time to time, with water, in the manner above related, in order to detect, as early as possible, the hydrophobia, or first decided symptom produced by the poison of a mad dog. Had I not done so in this case, the patient would have been lost. A few hours more elapsed, there would have been no possibility of exhibiting medicines internally; and the period between the second stage of the disease and death is so short, that there is no time for external applications to find their way, effectually, into the system.

I have

I have known several instances, two of which lately occurred in the neighbourhood of Chelsea, of people dying from the bites of mad dogs, without its having ever been ascertained whether there was hydrophobia. This leaves room for doubts, and wrong conclusions, among those who are not acquainted with all the characteristics of the disease; especially when the power of swallowing liquids, without much difficulty, returns—as it did in one of these two cases, and also in that of young Metcalfe. This return of the power of swallowing has never been noticed before; but I must observe, it is very common after the cessation of the violence of the convulsive struggling, spitting, and foaming at the mouth, which usually happen a little before the patient dies.

BENJAMIN MOSELEY, M.D.

Chelsea Hospital, Jan. 15, 1808.

DESTRUCTIVE TRAPS.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, JAN. 26.

Watson or Wathen *v.* Townsend.

MR. Dauncey shewed cause against a rule which had been obtained in this case, for a rule *nisi*, to set aside the verdict, and grant a new trial *(see the Sporting Mag. for November last, page* 85).

The defendant was a keen sportsman in the county of Gloucester, and the plaintiff a gentleman of landed property in the neighbourhood. The defendant was possessed of a wood, called Cat's Wood, and being more desirous of preserving his game than the good will of his neighbours, set several traps large enough to hold a bull, and which were intended to catch all the dogs in the neighbourhood. For this purpose, he baited some with venison and rabbits' flesh, and some with mutton, and to render the meat more alluring to the dogs, he dipped it in oil of anniseed, the scent of which was perceptible at a great distance. There were several roads passing through this wood, and in order to entice the dogs to his traps, it was his custom to trail a paunch, scented with anniseed, from the highway to the traps. By this means several dogs were taken, and the game-keeper both killed and buried them, and received a shilling a head for each. During one half year, he received seven shillings for dogs killed in this manner; and it was proved, that, as a person was riding through the wood, his dog, which followed behind him, was attracted by the scent, and taken in one of the traps. The plaintiff's court-yard was near to the wood, and within scent of the baits. Several of his dogs were taken, and when one of them was shewn to the defendant, he said he knew it was Mr. Watson's dog, for no one else kept hounds thereabouts, and ordered the dog to be buried.—The Jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, damages, 30l.

Mr. Serjeant Williams, in last term, moved to set aside the verdict, on the ground that the defendant had a right to set traps in his own land to catch foxes and other vermin, and that no express malice was proved against the defendant, with respect to the plaintiff or his dogs. Upon reading the report of the case on the trial, it now appeared that the circumstance of trailing the paunch had not taken place since the plaintiff came to live in the neighbourhood of the defendant.

The Attorney General, and Mr. Garrow, for the defendant, relied very much upon this circumstance, to shew that the defendant had no express malice against the plaintiff.

Lord Ellenborough said, that it was the same thing whether a man enticed a dog by a natural and irresistible instinct to his traps, or took him forcibly by the collar, and dragged him to the place of his destruction. That in all cases of malicious injury, as well as of crimes, every man must be supposed to contemplate the natural effects of his own conduct; and as all dogs within scent of these traps would necessarily be drawn to them, and the plaintiff's dogs were within the sphere of attraction, he must be supposed to intend to catch the plaintiff's dogs, and this intention was sufficiently malicious to support the action.

The rest of the Court concurred in this opinion, and therefore the rule was discharged, and the verdict of the Jury confirmed.

MISCONDUCT OF COACHMEN.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, FEB. 19.

Field *v.* Harris.

MR. Garrow stated, that this was an action brought to recover damages from the defendant, on account of the misconduct of his coachman; he did not wish to attribute any fault to the defendant, but he was fearful that the Jury, after hearing the witnesses for the plaintiff, would be of opinion, that there was a vast deal of blame to be attached to his conduct in this business; but whether there was or not, it did not make any consequence—the defendant was answerable for the conduct of his coachman.

The plaintiff, a tradesman, was going from Clapham to Chelsea, accompanied by a young woman of the name of Cole, in a chaise-cart; they were going at an easy rate in Horsemonger-lane, and for a very good reason, for if they wished to go faster they could not; the horse was one of those small ponies, so much used by men of the description of the plaintiff.

The chariot of the defendant came rattling along at the rate of ten miles an hour; the poor tradesman was frightened at the neighing of the steeds, and drove the chaise-cart on the foot-path, to avoid the pending danger: when the coachman, pleased at the anxiety of the plaintiff, drew still closer, although there was room for two carriages to pass on the other side of the road; and, being an adept in driving, managed to entangle the plaintiff's chaise-cart between the wheels of the chariot, and in that situation dragged it about forty yards, until the shafts broke, the plaintiff calling out to the coachman, who only smiled, and whipped his horses. The plaintiff and the young woman were thrown out of the chaise-cart under the chariot, and one of the wheels went over the plaintiff. So far from the defendant being affected, or commiserating the situation of the plaintiff, he allowed the carriage to continue its career until it was stopped by force, and afterwards refused giving his address. He did not feel himself equal to describe the atrocity of the coachman, or the passiveness of his master, who was a silent spectator, if not an abettor. The plaintiff did not demand enormous damages; he only asked for the repair of the chaise-cart,

cart, and an equivalent for the time he had lost by the hurt he had received.

He would observe to the Jury, that there was a law which pointed out the side of the road that a traveller should go on, coming or going, in the suburbs of London; and he would prove that the plaintiff was on the proper side of the road.

This case might appear simple, as it did to the defendant, as it was only a poor tradesman upset; but he believed it was acknowledged, that there was no class of men more entitled to the protection of the laws of their country than that to which the plaintiff belonged; and he trusted that the coachman of a person, not more respectable than the plaintiff, only that he kept a chariot, and the plaintiff only a chaise-cart, would not be allowed, with impunity, to endanger the life of a peaceable citizen. He trusted that the Jury, by their verdict that day, would manifest such a marked disapprobation of the act, as to prevent the same kind of atrocity coming again before that Court.

Martha Cole deposed, that Mr. Field, the plaintiff, called on her on the 1st of August last, at the house of her master, Dr. Burney, at Clapham, to take her to Chelsea; she accompanied him in his chaise-cart; he was driving quietly along; heard a carriage behind them; the plaintiff drove close to the footpath; the carriage still kept getting closer to them, and drove partly on the foot-path, when the carriage came alongside, and entangled the chaise-cart; the plaintiff called out to the coachman, who sneered, and whipped the horses, which were going very fast; they dragged the cart about forty yards, when witness was thrown out, with the plaintiff. The fall deprived her of sense: when she recovered, she found herself in the chaise-cart of a Mr. Green, who left her at Chelsea; saw the plaintiff at Chelsea, and was informed the wheel of the carriage went over him; he appeared much hurt, and was obliged to have a surgeon to attend him; she was told she fell under the carriage, but escaped the wheels.

This evidence was corroborated by the testimony of several other witnesses.

Verdict for plaintiff, damages, £.20.

BOX-LOBBY FRACAS.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH,
SATURDAY, FEB. 20.

The King *against* William Dearsley.

THIS was an indictment for an assault upon Sir Robert Peat, at Drury-lane Theatre, on the 12th of October last.

Mr. Garrow, for the prosecution, solicited the peculiar attention of the jury to this case, that they might be able to form a just estimate of the magnitude of the offence, and by finding the defendant guilty, exhibit to others the serious consequences of the breach of the laws. The prosecutor [illegible] a clergyman of high respectability, one of the chaplains to the Prince of Wales, and on the 12th of October visited Drury-lane Theatre. At first, he placed himself on the King's side of the house; but observing some friends in an opposite box, he went out with the intention of joining them. In the lobby, however, he saw the defendant and another gentleman

tleman, whom he afterwards understood to be Mr. Mellish, conversing with one of those unfortunate females by whom public places of amusement are so much infested. As there was room to pass between the two gentlemen, the prosecutor inadvertently was about to proceed in that direction, when he was stopped by the fist of the defendant upon his breast, who exclaimed, "By G—d, you shall not pass this way; who are you?" The prosecutor inquired to which of the persons he was to address himself, as both of them were violent, when the defendant vociferated, "To me, Sir." Sir Robert Peat then inquired who the defendant was, and was answered, "I am, Sir, what perhaps you are not, a gentleman." Unwilling to create a disturbance in the theatre, the prosecutor proposed an adjournment to the Bedford Coffee-house. To this suggestion the defendant consented; and taking Sir Robert by the arm, dragged him along the lobby, as if he were a culprit in his custody. Instead of going out of the theatre by the Russell-street door, where the prosecutor had left his great coat, they left the theatre at the door leading into Brydges-street, and proceeded, by mistake, for some distance down Catherine-street, before Sir Robert Peat found that he was going from the Bedford Coffee-house. When he discovered his error, he communicated it to the defendant, who immediately fell into a violent passion, and with a large stick struck the prosecutor a heavy blow on the head; but fortunately his hat guarded it so effectually, that no material injury was received. Observing that the prosecutor did not fall, the defendant began with the greatest brutality to kick Sir Robert Peat in various parts of his body, and aiming his blows in such a direction, that it was obvious he intended to inflict a lasting injury. The prosecutor then called the watch, from whom the defendant rescued himself, and it was not until assistance was procured that the defendant was lodged in St. Mary's watch-house. During this struggle it was in vain for Sir Robert to resist, the defendant being an extremely powerful man, and so well skilled in the pugilistic art, that the Learned Counsel believed he divided his time principally between the stages of the prize-fighters, and the lobbies of the theatres.

Sir Robert Peat was then called, and detailed the circumstances of the assault stated in the opening of Mr. Garrow. On his cross-examination by Mr. Jervis, for the defendant, he said he had received a foreign Order of Knighthood, which had been confirmed by the King of Great Britain. Mr. Jervis then objected, that in the indictment the prosecutor was called "Sir Robert Peat, Knight," whereas it appeared he was not a Knight of any of the Orders of this country.

The Chief Justice said, he would reserve the point, but inquired if there were any evidence to contradict the fact of the assault; and being answered in the negative, his Lordship observed, that no other testimony could affect the verdict; and that the defendant would do well, before he was brought up for judgment, to apologise to the prosecutor, who seemed to be a man of mild, gentlemanly, and inoffensive manners. If the defendant did not think it right to humble himself before the person he had so grossly offended, it would be the duty of the Court, by their sentence, to make him humble.—Verdict, *guilty*.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT.

THE clergyman of a country village, reprehending one of his parishioners for quarrelling with his wife so loudly, and so frequently, as to be a perpetual disturbance to the neighbourhood, in the course of his exhortation remarked, the scriptures declared, that man and wife were *one*.—" Aye, that may be, Sir," answered Hodge; " but if you were to go by, when my wife and I are at it, you'd think there were *twenty* of us!"

A PROJECTOR of the present day, and who is a promoter of many of the numerous bubbles now afloat, was thus described by a person who knew him—" There is not an unfathomable scheme advertised but he is in it.—He is courted by the kiddeys—consulted by the deep ones—up to, or down, upon every thing.—He is either a bull or bear at the Exchange, and has been a lame-duck in the Alley—is a badger in Mark-lane—a fence in Duke's Place—and an agent near the Tower.—Has correspondents in every part—drives a roaring trade—enables flash shop-keepers to buy without cash—sell under prime cost—bubble their bills—queer the commissioners—and then cut a dash in the first style of fashion."

SOME Cantabs at Wood's, talking over the joys of a fox-chase, a question arose, who had been in at the most deaths? when the son of a celebrated Galen pleasantly observed, his *father*, in his carriage and horses, had been in at more deaths than all the company and their horses put together.

A FACETIOUS old gentleman, who has two sons remarkably fond of hunting and shooting, very sarcastically distinguishes them by the appellations of *Nimrod* and *Ramrod*.

A HOUSEMAID in a gentleman's family in the country, cleaning the hall door, observed a hunted fox passing the house; she at night was relating the circumstance to her fellow servants, adding " I thought renard and myself alike," when the groom asking how she made that out, she replied, " he had a *brush*, with him, and so had I."

A PERSON lately saying, he had lost a valuable horse by death, and observing, that when he was found, he was standing reclined against a gate, one of the company present observed, *he stood it d—d well*.

CONSEQUENCES of a Pun.—Lagny, a town to the east of Paris, may be said to be famous for a mortal pun. The monks and inhabitants being in a state of sedition, James Montgomery, the Lord of Lorges, was ordered, in 1544, to reduce them to obedience. The people of Lagny defended themselves with fury; and punning on the name of Lorges, which in French signifies barley, threw sacks of that grain from the walls, as food for Montgomery and his troops. This insult so enraged the besiegers, that the town being taken by storm, all the men were put

put to the sword, and the women abandoned to the brutality of the soldiers, which, however, soon repaired the defect of inhabitants. But the memory of this genealogy is far from being agreeable; and any allusion to it occasions deadly wrath among the descendants. If any thoughtless or uninformed stranger were simply to say, "What is the price of barley!" the consequence would be terrible. He would be instantly seized, and perhaps not escape drowning in a fountain which is in the middle of the town. In 1766, the niece of a neighbouring curate, at the instigation of a malicious person, asked the fatal question: and was with the greatest difficulty rescued by the curate of the place, from the enraged populace. To check this infatuation, decrees of the police have been issued at different times, and registered in the parliament at Paris 1785, declaring a fine of 30 livres against the person who shall at Lagny ask "What is the price of barley?" and the same fine against any person of Lagny who shall use violence on account of this unfortunate question. Barley is, however, sold at Lagny; but the seller must merely open the sack, and the price is concluded without mention of the grain.

Curious Bargain.—A gentleman and a farmer, the last season, had frequently met to bargain about a field of rye, which was then growing, and belonged to the first-mentioned. Both of them being what are called *hard dealers*, they always separated without bringing the important affair to a conclusion. However, they at length met, about nine o'clock one morning, and agreed to *try again*, about the rye; but having an equal dislike to *dry bargains*, they went into the nearest public-house, and at ten o'clock at night,—after a *negociation* of *thirteen hours*,—the farmer made the long-wished for purchase,—on the following terms, viz.—He was to give 30l. in cash, one sow with pig, 200 wisps of wheat straw, one peck of potatoes, one gosling, and one gallon of butter-milk!

The late Mr. Ward made a solemn vow of eternal warfare against his daughter, should she marry an actor. The young lady soon after married Mr. Kemble, the father of Mrs. Siddons, a gentleman for some time *upon the stage*. Mr. Ward sent for the bride, and said, "Well, my dear child, you have not *disobeyed* me, the devil himself could not make an *actor* of your husband." Yet from this stock have sprung the Kembles and the Siddons's.

A lady lately married, on coming to that part of the marriage service, "To obey till death do us part," hesitated to repeat the words, and would have passed them over, but on being urged to it by the minister, she at length, with reluctance, complied.—At dinner, the minister said to the young lady's father, "Sir, your daughter was very unwilling to promise obedience to her husband." "Indeed, Sir," said the young lady, "I was loth to tell *you* a lie in church."

A Joe.—A great crowd following a man named *Vowel* to Tyburn, one asked another, who it was going to be hanged? he answered, "*one Vowel*." "Which of them," said the other, "for there are several?" "I know not," answered he; "but its clear that 'tis neither *U* nor *I*."

Lord

LORD Erskine, in the debate on the Copenhagen Expedition, alluding to the new names given to the Danish ships, observed, that the conduct of ministers, in this particular, reminded him of the tricks of gipsies, to disguise *stolen children.*

EPIGRAM,

On reading an Account of the Death of Mrs. ELIZABETH LIVING.

'TIS a paradox, truly, says Richard to Ned;
For if she is LIVING, how can she be dead?

NOTICE over a door at a village in Somersetshire:—

" Petticoats mended, children taught reading, writing, and dancing, grown-up people taught to spin; roses distilled, and made into a proper resistance with water; also old shoes bought and sold!"

ANAGRAM on Napoleon Bonaparte.—*Bona rapta pone Leno*— " Rascal! lay down the stolen goods."

THE following is an exact copy of one of the papers printed upon the Thames, during the memorable frost of 1740.—The gentleman whose name appears in it, *(William Noble, M. A.)* had been one (of a great number without doubt) who had their *names* printed upon the *ice*, as a rare curiosity.

The original is in the possession of a gentleman of Whitehaven; but it is not known who the Mr. Noble was whose name and designation it bears.

" The noble art and mystery of Printing was first invented and practised by John Guttenburgh, a soldier at Mentz, in High Germany, *anno* 1440. King Henry VI. (*anno* 1449) sent two private messengers, with fifteen hundred marks, to procure one of the workmen. These prevailed on one Frederick Corsellis to leave the printing-house in disguise; who immediately came over with them, and first instructed the English in this most famous art, at Oxford, in the year 1459.

" William Noble, M. A.

" Amidst the Arts which on the THAMES appear,
To tell the Wonders of this Icy Year,
PRINTING claims prior Place, which at one View
Erects a Monument of THAT and YOU.

" Printed upon the river *Thames*, Jan. the 29th, in the thirteenth year of the reign of King George the IId. Anno Dom. 1740."

A GARDENER wanting a place, in his advertisement says, *the country will be preferred.*—*Quere*, where did this cultivator of cabbages expect to find a place in London?

EPIGRAM.

A VICAR long ill, who had treasur'd up wealth,
Told his *Curate* each Sunday to pray for his health:
Which oft having done, a Parishioner said,
That the Curate ought rather to wish he were *dead!*
" By my troth," says the Curate, " let credit be given—
" *I* ne'er prayed for his death—but I have for his *living!*"

Q. Z.

THE Turks are fond of a set of opprobrious epithets, which they liberally apply to strangers. The Persians are insulted by the name of *red-heads.* The Georgians are called *flea-eaters.* The Tartars, *eaters of carrion.* The Arabs, *rat-eaters and fools.* The Greeks have the epithet of *slaves.* The Russians of *bad-hearted.* The Germans *blasphemous.*

blasphemous. The Italians, *deceivers.* The French, *cheats.* The Spanish, *indolent.* The Dutch, *cheese-merchants;* and the English, *cloth-manufacturers.*

Mr. Cobbett's conduct to Mr. Spense, in apologising to him after endeavouring to defame his character, reminds us of the story of the gamester, who suspecting foul play in his adversary, watched an opportunity during the game, and dexterously nailed his hand to the table with a fork.—" Zounds, (exclaimed the sufferer, writhing with pain), do you mean to murder me?"—" No, (replied the aggressor, very coolly), I shall *beg your pardon if the Knave of Diamonds* is not concealed under your hand!!!"

Anecdote.——A certain well-known witty Barrister, was lately complimenting the Manager of a respectable Provincial Company of Comedians, in the West, upon the elegance, point, and propriety, with which the preliminary addresses in his play-bills were written—" for instance," said he, " in your last, there is a line which Sheridan himself would be proud to have penned." " Sir," replied the Actor, bowing, " you think too highly of my poor abilities."—" Not a whit," rejoined the Barrister, " the line I mean is—' *All claims on the Theatre will be paid on demand.*'

A letter was directed to the Clown at Covent Garden, (whether from a love of pun, or a want of literature, is uncertain)—*Mr. Grim-all-day.*

Military Pun.—In a new raised Irish corps, a soldier lately observed to his comrade, that a *corporal* was to be dismissed the regiment. " *Faith and indeed,*" replied the other, " I hope it is the corporal so troublesome in our company." " What is his name?" enquired the soldier. " Why, *corporal punishment,* to be sure, my honey."

Theatrical Wit.—A physician being sent for the other day, to remove an alarming pressure on the stomach of a child, the little patient was sucking a small key by way of diverting itself; on which he told the mother to take it away, lest it should slip down: " Never mind (cried Bannister), let it swallow it, it will *open* its *chest.*"

Pump-room Conversation, at Bath. —A groupe of gentlemen, a few days since, in this fashionable *Rialto,* having just visited the Union-street exhibition, were loud in their praises of the various artists whose works did equal honour to the room and to their own genius; when one of them, particularly enraptured with the paintings of Mr. Barker and his two brothers, observed, that he had been racking his brains to find some appropriate classical allusion or quotation, that might aptly distinguish their admirable talents—" Oh!" says his friend, instantly, " call them the *Cerberus* of painters."—" *Cerberus!* how will that denote them?" " Perfectly well," replied the other—" *the three Barkers!*"

The marriage of a Mr. *Herring* to a Miss *Spratt* is announced in a provincial paper. Though the match is unequal, the parties are nevertheless expected to *swim* comfortably through life.

SPORT-

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

WE have to state, that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales runs no more horses at Newmarket after his present engagements there, but will continue to send horses to the three Clubs, Brighton, and Lewes. His Royal Highness has given Selim to Colonel Leigh and Mr. Shakespeare.

CALEDONIAN HUNT.——At a Meeting of the Caledonian Hunt, held at Fortune's Hotel, Edinburgh, on Tuesday, the 9th current, present, Sir WILLIAM CUNINGHAM, in the Chair;

The Marquis of Huntly
The Earl of Dalhousie
Lord Belhaven
Lord Elphinstone
Sir J. Heron Maxwell
Sir Charles Douglas
Sir John Hope
Sir James Baird
Wm. Macdowall, Esq. of Garthland
Alexander Houston, Esq. of Clerkington
J. A. Thomson, Esq. of Charleton
Colonel James Blair
Robert Hay, Esq. of Spott
Wm. Wemyss, Esq. of Cuttlehill
George Ramsay, Esq. of Barnton
M. S. Nicholson, Esq. of Cardock
A. Lenton, Esq. of Mordington
James Stirling, Esq. of Keir
H. Hagart, Esq. Secretary.

Lord Maitland, and the Hon. Charles Elphinstone Fleming, were admitted members of the Hunt, in the room of the Earl of Crawfurd and Capt. Alexander Gray deceased.

BURTON-HUNT Races, we understand, are fixed for Tuesday and Wednesday, the 5th and 6th of April. On Tuesday there will be a sweepstakes of 5gs. each, for horses that have hunted six times with the Burton hounds during the season, to be rode by gentlemen; and a gold cup, value 50gs. given by Lord Monson, for horses belonging to farmers, which have been hunted ten times with the Burton hounds. On Wednesday, there will be a sweepstakes of 5gs. each, for horses of all ages, having hunted six times with the Burton hounds during the season, to be rode by gentlemen; and a cup, value 50gs. given by the gentlemen of the Hunt, under the like conditions.—The stewards for this year are, Charles Kent and Charles Chaplin, jun. Esqrs.

WE have heard that Lancaster Races will be resuscitated this year, a new course being nearly completed, under a committee of gentlemen chosen for that purpose.—The races at that place used to be very well attended, and were supported by the present Duke of Norfolk, then Lord Surrey, Sir Archibald Hamilton, and the first families in the neighbourhood.

THE match made on Monday, the 15th, for the Young Phenomenon Mare, the property of Mr. Bowen, to trot eight miles in half an hour, was decided on the Friday following, on the Watford road. The mare carried feather weight; but this point having been too much considered, was the occasion of the match being lost, the boy who rode her being no more than eight

eight years old. The mare broke her pace three times during the race, and was brought to a halt each time, according to the usual form, and she was thirty-one minutes performing the distance.

Mr. R. Wardell, of York, has purchased of Messrs. Freer and Blenkinson, a bay colt, got by Kite; dam, Friendless Fanny (the dam of Honest Bob) by Astonishment, out of a sister to Rubrough. He is the first of Kite's get that has been put into training; price 300gs. He is named *Honest Tom*, and is allowed by all the judges who have seen him to be, for blood and symmetry, equal to any one in the kingdom.

W. Fermor, Esq. of Oxfordshire, has purchased *Vermin* for a stallion. He will be twenty years of age at May-day next, and got by Highflyer, out of Rosebud, (Nelly's dam) by Snap. He has covered for several years in the neighbourhood of Shrewsbury, but has served very few thorough-bred mares.

Dead.—Sir M. M. Sykes's ch. filly Statira, by Beningbrough, out of Stella; engaged in the great Produce Stakes on Monday in the next York August Meeting;—and his bay colt, by Stamford, out of Rachel, by Highflyer; engaged in the Produce Stakes at the next Malton Craven Meeting, &c.

A singular circumstance happened lately on his Grace the Duke of Hamilton's exercise-ground, at Ashton, near Lancaster. As one of his Grace's grooms was exercising the bay mare Crazy, in her sweating clothes, she had gone three miles of her sweat, when she appeared to the rider as if she were going to kick; he just checked up her head to prevent her, when she turned half round with him, fell down, and instantly died without a struggle. She was apparently in perfect health, and had been named by Mr. Aspinwall to run for the Union Cup at Preston this year.

A few weeks ago, one of the hounds belonging to Mr. Kershaw, of Erskaine, in the county of Lancaster, was bitten by a mad dog.—The animal was destroyed, not, however, till he had communicated this dreadful disorder to others of the pack, the symptoms of which soon manifested themselves. The proprietor of the hounds, much to his honour, in order to prevent further mischief, caused the whole to be destroyed. The dog which was thus the cause of the destruction of the pack, bit a man also, who died in consequence.

Violante is a great favourite for the Oatlands' Stakes. She is backed freely to beat the field, and in some instances at nearly even betting.

Betting at Tattersall's, Monday, February 15.—

First Class of the Oatlands.
Four to 1 agst Cerberus.

Second Class of the Oatlands.
9 to 4 agst Violante.
6 to 1 agst Hippomenes.

Third Class of the Oatlands.
Not quite 4 to 1 agst Thomasina.
4 to 1 agst Meteora.
100 to 4, Cerberus, Violante, and Meteora, don't all win.
3000 to 50 betted, that Streatham-Lass, L'Huile de Venus, and Meteora, don't all win.

Derby Stakes.
4 to 1 agst the brother to Castrel and Selim.
9 to 1 agst the brother to Bustard.

YORK

YORK COCKING.

The Long Main of Cocks between Sir Francis Boynton, Bart. (Thompson, feeder) and H. F. Mellish, Esq. (Gilliver, feeder) commenced fighting on Monday, at the grand Pit, without Bootham-Bar.—The following is a correct statement:

Thompson.	M.	B.	*Gilliver.* M.	B.
Monday, ...	5	2	 1	0
Tuesday, ...	4	1	 2	1
Wednesday, ...	4	2	 2	1
Thursday, ...	3	2	 3	1
Friday, ...	4	1	 3	1
Saturday, ...	4	0	 3	2
Total	24	8	Total 14	6

Before fighting, 5 to 4 on Gilliver; after Monday's fight, 7 to 4 on Thompson; after Tuesday's fight, 5 to 1 on Thompson.

Charles Cooke, a stocking-maker, of Ansty, Leicestershire, has been lately convicted before the Rev. W. R. Tyson, at Thurcaston, in the penalty of 5l. having been caught with a hare in his possession, near Ansty, on the 29th of January last.

George Parish has been committed to Chelmsford Gaol, by Thomas Layton, Clerk, he having been convicted in the penalty of 50l. for carrying away a fallow deer from the Forest of Waltham; and being unable to pay the same, is to remain for six months, unless such penalty be sooner paid.

Edward Hughes, one of the drivers of the Shrewsbury coach, has paid a fine of ten guineas, for mischievously flogging a horse he met on the road, with an old woman upon it, near Cerigey-druiddion, owing to which the woman was flung under the coach, and had her leg broke.

At the last Middlesex Sessions, William Booth, a gamekeeper to Lord Berkeley, was indicted for assaulting T. Moore, and forcibly taking from him a ferret. The prosecutor (Moore) stated, that on the 14th of January he was going on the road leading from Hesson to Uxbridge; he had a bag and a ferret, having had permission from some neighbouring farmers to kill the rabbits on their grounds. He met Booth, whom he knew to be gamekeeper to Lord Berkeley.—Booth asked him what he had got there? he replied, a ferret. Booth immediately ordered him to give it up to him: he replied, he would not; Booth immediately knocked him down, and took away the ferret. At the same time he ordered his assistant to search the prosecutor's brother-in-law, who was in company with him. The prosecutor told him he would go to a Justice, and make a complaint against him. Booth replied, if he did not get off as fast as he could, he would give him a worse drubbing. It was argued by the defendant's Counsel, that a gamekeeper, by law, was authorised to take away a ferret from any person found with it on the manor. But the Court said there was no legal proof that the defendant was a gamekeeper. He was sentenced to one month's imprisonment.

Pedestrians.—As walking and running constitute principal amusements of the present day, the following account of a foot-race, which was run more than a century ago, may not be unacceptable to our readers. It is extracted from the manuscript journal of a lady, written in the year 1699:—" I drove through the forest of Windsor, to see a race by two footmen,

an Englishman and a Scotchman, the former taller and bigger than the other. The ground measured, and cut even in a round, was almost four miles; they were to run it round so often, as to make up twenty-two miles, the distance between Charing Cross and Windsor Cross, that is, five times round, and so far as made up the odd miles and measure. They ran a round in twenty-five minutes. I saw them run the first three rounds, and half another, in an hour and seventeen minutes, and they finished it in two hours and a half. The Englishman gained the start the second round, and kept it at the same distance the five rounds, and then the Scotchman came up to him, and got before him to the post. The Englishman fell down within a few yards of the post. Many hundred pounds were won and lost about it. They ran both very neatly; but my judgment gave it to the Scotchman, because he seemed to save himself to the last push."

Mr. Downe, the pedestrian, finished his Herculean labours on Friday, the 5th instant, within two miles of Beaconsfield. He had ten days to perform 400 miles, a task unprecedented, and the weather was unfavourable. Mr. Downe was so much fatigued on the Wednesday night, that it was feared he would not be able to proceed on his journey the other two days; he, however, went to Farnborough, Oxon, on Thursday, and went to bed in a feverish state. Friday, the last day, was a trial of extraordinary perseverance: the pedestrian started at four o'clock in the morning, and his friends had but faint hopes of his success. After seventeen hours labour, having stopped about every three miles, Mr. Downe completed his task, which was for 100 guineas. He was much reduced by his extraordinary fatigue, weighing above two stone less than when he started.

Mr. Downe has matched himself again to go thirty-five miles a day, for twenty days, and to start on Tuesday, the 1st of March next, for 200 guineas. Six to four against the performance.

On Wednesday, the 17th inst. a foot-race was run in Hyde Park, for five guineas a side, between Messrs. E. Haslem and A. Mulley, (late of Bury) which, after a severe struggle, was decided in favour of the former. The distance was one measured mile, which was cleared in four minutes and fifty seconds.

The beginning of this month, Mr. Wallis, a gentleman who resides in Jermyn-street, walked two miles in nine minutes, at Islington. He was allowed two starts, and won the match by about three or four seconds. The wager was for twenty-five guineas.

A young man of the name of Martin, groom to a gentleman in Baker-street, lately ran eighteen miles on the Colnbrook road, for a wager of twenty guineas. The time allowed was two hours and a half, but he performed it nine minutes within the time.

In the early part of this month, a running match was decided near the Shoulder-of-Mutton field, Hackney, for twenty guineas a side, between the famous Lancaster shepherd, Skewball, and a Hertfordshire man, very corpulent, weighing near 15 stone, the distance of 140 yards, which was won by the latter, with great ease, he having run over the ground in twelve seconds.

A muffin-

A MUFFIN-BAKER, at Somer's Town, who had engaged to go sixteen miles in two hours, for a trifling wager, started from Lee-bridge Road, and performed it with great ease, in one hour and 53 minutes. He immediately offered to go the same ground over again, for a similar sum, but it was not accepted.

THE ostler at the White Swan, at Clapham, has made a bet of 20 guineas, that he will go fifty miles, on Monday the 15th, in the neighbourhood, (one mile backward and forward) carrying a stone bottle weighing 21½lbs. He is not to be allowed to put it down while refreshing, but may shift it from one hand to the other; neither must it touch any part of his body, under forfeiture of the money. Six to four current betting against him. He intends starting at five in the morning.—We have not heard of the result of this wager.

CURLEY, the Brighton Shepherd, has undertaken to run two miles in eight minutes, at eight different starts, and five hours to be allowed him to perform it; it will take place at the next Epsom Meeting; the odds are two to one against this wonderful performance.

A CORRECT and striking likeness of Lieut. Fairman, has lately been published, by Mr. J. Busby, 33, Strand; it is a full-length representation, coloured after life, as he appeared and was dressed while performing his late match.

MONDAY the 8th instant, in the Court of King's Bench, Mr. Justice Grose charged the grand jury of Middlesex, and after complimenting them upon their known respectability and fitness to discharge the important duties of their station, made some observations upon the prevailing custom of boxing and prize-fighting; the countenance given to it, he said, was a very serious breach of the peace in itself, and the numbers of dissolute characters collected together on such occasions, rendered its suppression highly requisite for the welfare and safety of society; he therefore called upon the jury to exercise their power in their several districts, to put down a custom so injurious to the public, and so mischievous in its consequences.

BOXING.—Two exhibitions took place on Tuesday the 9th, on Highgate common, between pugilists of second rate.—Dixon, and Smith, the former of whom beat O'Shaughnessey, and the latter who fought O'Donnel on Epping Forest, contended first, and Smith won the battle by superior strength. Dockarty and young Crib (brother to Crib) next entered the ring, and the former won the battle easily. The contests were for subscription purses.

DOCKARTY, who beat young Crib on Highgate Common, as mentioned above, and who within the last twelve months has made rapid progress in the requisites for boxing, is matched to fight the younger Belcher in a month. Five to four on Belcher.

HORTON and Crib are also matched for 100 guineas, 10 ft. to fight in the same ring as Gulley and Gregson, on the 10th of May. Horton has never yet entered the list amongst the boxers who exhibit before the London amateurs. Even betting on the battle.

GREGSON is in training at the Load of Hay, on the Hampstead Road.

THE Game Chicken and Horton, the

the celebrated Bristol pugilist, have been exhibiting their professional skill at the Birmingham Theatre to crowded audiences. Their performances consist in giving imitations of the first-rate pugilists of the day; their manner of setting-to, stopping, shifting, &c. and this is done between the several acts of the Play and Farce, for which the pugilists have a good salary.

A VERY determined pitched battle was fought on Crauley Common, Devon, on Wednesday the 10th, between two pugilists of renown in the West country, of the names of Cowan and Frimley; the latter of whom had won several battles, and was in this instance backed for one hundred guineas by a Mr. Swallbey, who had bets on the event of the battle, to the amount of 1000l. The contest, which was as obstinately and as skilfully contested as any on record, lasted an hour and half, when Cowan received a heavy fall, and was unable to *stag* longer. The combatants stood and hit till one fell in every round, and the advantages were nearly equal. The victor received 200l. from his backer.

A VERY obstinate boxing-match lately took place on Harlow Common, Wilts, between two professors, named Jonas and Harry; the former entered the list of country boxers, by a successful combat with one Flower, a coachman, at Heazeley Heath, about three months since, the latter having won nine successive battles. The contest continued 25 minutes, alternately to the advantage of each.— In the 18th round, however, Jonas gave his adversary such a violent fall, that he was unable to continue the contest.

STAKE-HOLDERS.—At the Palace Court, in Westminster, before Serjeant Marshall, on Saturday, the 6th instant, a case came on, between Brown, the plaintiff, and Robinson, the defendant. As it is of some importance to the minor pugilists, the circumstances were briefly as follow:—Two inhabitants of Fulham and Putney, Brown and Cuff, made a bet to fight for ten guineas each, and bound the bet in the first instance by a deposit of two guineas each, placed in the hands of Robinson. When the parties met to finally settle the business, they differed as to the articles. Brown wanted it to be a fair stand-up fight; Cuff would not agree to it; of course Brown demanded his money to be returned, which was refused, and this action was brought. After this case was proved, Mr. Agar took some legal objections, which were over-ruled. The Learned Judge was clearly of opinion, that the plaintiff had a right to recover.— The money was deposited for an illegal purpose, and therefore could not be legally retained.—Verdict for the plaintiff—*Two Guineas and Costs.*

A MAMMOTH, in a state of perfect preservation, was lately found near Yakoutska, on the borders of the Frozen Ocean. Part of the flesh, the tusks, ears, and tail, had been cut off by the natives; but the skeleton has been carried to Petersburgh, a distance of 6,875 miles. The head weighs 460lbs. The horns are nine and a half feet long, and weigh 400lbs. the height of the back is ten and a half feet, and the length sixteen and a half feet; the bristles of the back were of a reddish colour, and many of them measured full two feet four inches.

COURSING MEETINGS.

MALTON.

THIS Meeting, after having been past by at the close of last year, and the beginning of this, by a succession of storms, and which continued nearly through the whole of this season, had at length a fair field opened to the Sportsman on Monday, Feb. 8, when the order of the day was

"May they all keep their legs and the best take it."

On *Monday* the Confederate Fox-hounds met at Linton Whin, when, after trying three or four covers, not a fox was found. Unfortunately Scott, the whipper-in, got a violent tread from his horse, who slipped from under him, which appeared for some time likely to cost him his life. He is reckoned one of the neatest riders in England.

Tuesday, the first public coursing day, had a large assemblage of Sportsmen, amongst whom we noticed Sir Thomas Slingsby, Sir Francis Boynton, Sir M. M. Sykes, Mr. Mellish, Mr. Treacher, Mr. S. Croft, Major Bower, Mr. Best, Mr. Worsop Thompson, Mr. Foord, Mr. Tatton Sykes, Mr. C. Parker, &c. &c. &c. when the following Matches were run as under:—

Mr. Best's black dog Snowdrop, beat Mr. Croft's Chit.

Mr. Mellish forfeited to Major Topham's white dog Snake.

Mr. Mellish's b. bitch, beat Major Topham's yellow and white, Fly.

Major Topham's blue dog, Paramount, beat Mr. Mellish.

Major Topham's Miracle, received forfeit from Mr. Mellish.

Major Topham's black dog, Ormond, received forfeit from Mr. Mellish.

Major Topham's yellow and white dog, Galliard, beat Sir Thos. Slingsby's white dog.

This was a very long and severe course of upwards of two miles, in which Galliard showed all his former celebrity, and was allowed to run as well as ever he was seen to do.

In two Matches made on the ground, Major Topham's black dog, Ormond, (son of old Snowball) beat Sir T. Slingsby's Queen; and Major Topham's Snake, by Wonder, beat Sir T. Slingsby's b. Myrtle, who won the Cup the last November, then beating him.

For a Piece of Plate value 20 guineas:—

Sir Francis Boynton's Susan, (Mr. Heblethwaite's breed) beat Mr. Mellish, who was to produce any dog he could.

The hares ran uncommonly stout. Mr. Mellish knocked up two thorough-bred horses in following the greyhounds.

Major Topham's dogs, Galliard and Paramount, were amongst the few dogs who killed their hares.

Wednesday, a bye Coursing day in Settrington Field, afforded much sport; and some very fine courses were run by the dogs who had no immediate matches upon them.

Thursday, began with two or three matches before the Prize Cup was started for, as the ground was somewhat hardened with the frost.

Mr. Starkie's b. bitch against Major Topham's Galliard—undecided.

Mr. Worsop's Miracle, against Sir F. Boynton—undecided.

Mr.

Mr. Best beat Mr. Worsop's b. bitch, Beauty.

After this, the Prize Cup was started for, and, after two very severe courses, was won by

Mr. Best's Snowdrop, got by Old Snowball 1
Major Bower's black dog...... 2
Major Topham's black dog Rocket, by Young Snowball 3
Mr. Croft's black and white dog 4

Mr. Mellish and Sir Thomas Slingsby were the tryers. Snowdrop was allowed to win the Cup in as gallant a manner as ever his father did before him.

Mr. Mellish's b. b. Adela, beat Major Topham's yellow and white bitch Fly, daughter of Galliard.

Sir F. Boynton's black and white bitch Fairmaid, beat Mr. Acklom's b. dog Thunder.

For a Piece of Plate, value Eight Guineas:—Mr. Mellish's b. bitch Adela, by Old Snowball, beat Major Topham's Galliard. Betting, at starting, in favour of Galliard, but won in a very surprising style by the bitch.

It was allowed by this Meeting, that the blood of Old Snowball never more distinguished itself, celebrated as it has been over the Wharram grounds.

We ought to notice the extreme good order the coursers observed. The hares ran so remarkably well, that only two hares were killed this day. The field was uncommonly numerous; and Suggit, the slipper of the dogs, walked in as surprising a manner as he has done for twenty years past.

NEWMARKET.

The adjourned Newmarket Coursing Meeting began on Tuesday, the 9th instant; and although the frost prevented the dogs running in the early part of each day, the sport was very fine, as the hares ran uncommonly stout.

Tuesday, Feb. 9.—Chevely Field.

Mr. Hammond's Wydford, agst Mr. Wright's Vestal—undecided.

Sir P. Blake's Eleanor, agst Mr. Hammond's Witch—undecided.

Mr Lovelace's Mary, agst Sir P. Blake's End—undecided.

Mr. J. Wright's Sting, agst Mr. Hammond's Wormwood—undecided.

Mr. Wright's Vintres beat Mr. Hammond's Whitenose.

Mr. Micklethwaite's Jason beat Mr. Vachell's Prince.

Mr. J. Wright's Spite, agst Mr. Hammond's Westacre—undecided.

Wednesday, Feb. 10.—Chippingham Field.

Mr. Thorpe's puppy beat Mr. Readhead's puppy.

Mr. Wright's Venus beat Sir P. Blake's Eliza.

Mr. Redhead's Spring beat Mr. Thorpe's Stroke.

Mr. Wright's Marvel beat Mr. Tyssen's Fling.

Mr. Tyssen's puppy beat Mr. Wright's puppy.

Sir P. Blake's Earwig beat Mr. Lovelace's Miff.

Mr. Hammond's Wren beat Mr. Dover's Dick.

Mr. Moore's Nabob beat Sir P. Blake's Edgar.

Mr. J. Wright's Spring beat Mr. Hammond's Wormwood.

Sir P. Blake's Emmeline beat Mr. Vachell's Patriot.

Mr. Vachell's Pillager beat Mr. Lovelace's Mam'selle.

Mr. Wright's Sampson beat Mr. J. Wright's Serious.

Mr. Vachell's Pigeon beat Mr. Tyssen's Firelight.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE JOYS OF THE CHASE.

A Hunting Song.

HARK! hark! to the sound of the soul-stirring horn,
How sweetly it breaks thro' the stillness of morn;
Rouse! Rouse from your slumbers, ye foes to dull care,
And to join the blithe throng, to the cover repair.

Surrounded by friends, on his fav'rite grey hack,
See old Jolly mounted i' th' midst of the pack:
Tho' old Time shews his pow'r o'er the veteran's frame,
Yet in spirit and courage he still is the same.

To the cover arriv'd, observe with what care
He leads in the dogs—not a shrub does he spare;
For, assisted by Ringwood, fleet Dasher, and Rout,
He knows if Ren.'s there he must quickly come out.

Hark! Dasher now opens, and forth from yon bush
See Reynard, with desperate courage, now rush;
Not a dog yet beholds him—and let him still fly,
We shall quickly have all the fleet pack in full cry.

Old Jolly now breaks through the cover, and sounds
The jocund view-hallo!—the high-mettled hounds
Press forward, undaunted, and closely pursue
Sly Reynard, who still is not out of their view.

Yoicks! forward! hark forward! is now the sole cry,
Whilst our hounds fleet and staunch are all running breast high.
O'er hedge, ditch, and gate, see we fly like the wind,
Leaving care and dull sorrow far distance behind.

Ren. hears the loud shouts, and (tho' efforts are vain,
As nought can our courage or fleetness restrain)
To gain the next earth he now makes a last push,
Tho' Ranter and Dasher are close at his brush.

The pack now surround him, his speed 'gins to fail;
His courage, his cunning, his shifts nought avail;
He makes a faint stand, then resigns his last breath,
And I and old Jolly are in at the death.

NIMROD, Jun.

Monday, Feb. 22, 1808.

THE HUNTSMAN'S LAMENTATION

During a Storm.

WHAT cursed luck is mine, with hounds so stout and fine,
To suffer this horrible frost;
Come, Jack, and help swear, my patience can't bear
To think what half-crowns we have lost.

My pack that look'd so well is now as black as Hell—
I fairly could sit down, and cry:
'Tis caused by the snow—my master says, not so;
But he lays all the blame upon I.

 The

The sun shines out so clear, no signs of thaw appear,
But all a hard winter portend;
The cats and terriers sneeze, the pails and gutters freeze,
The horses' shining coats stand an end.

Of drink and food debarr'd, the crows infest the yard,
When thirsty, the shyest are bold;
My courage to retain, I strive, alas! in vain—
E'en the gin it is tasteless and cold.

O! what a dismal sight, the meads all cloth'd in white;
And snow cover'd wide o'er the ground,
The smoke upright ascends, with rhine the cover bends,
And loudly our footsteps resound.

The Blues, so brisk of late, are now in piteous state,
No art can their sorrows beguile;
E'en our new-married 'Squire sits moping o'er the fire,
For beauty attracts not a smile.

A dab at ev'ry fun, the Captain loads his gun,
And rarely he misses a shot;
So when he comes to th' chase, he takes the foremost place—
Thro' him many pounds have I got.

But, 'midst this load of grief, one thing might bring relief,
And lighten the heart felt oppress'd:
O! could he get a boy, then it would give me joy,
And lull all my troubles to rest.

Cast down is our Divine, for well may he repine,
But few winters more can he brave;
Yet when the old boy dies, in hopes he soon may rise,
"Hark forward!" we'll mark o'er his grave.

But ere my rhimes are done, see, clouds obscure the sun,
The wind hurries round to the west;
A gentle misling rain begins to sooth my pain,
And dissipate the care in my breast.

Our pockets soon shall fill, for this rings Reynard's knell,
And pleasure, long banish'd, renews;
Come, Jack, then push your glass, here's to your fav'rite lass,
And health and good sport to the Blues.

THE DYING HORSE.

Written by Mr. Upton.

MASTER, farewell! I've serv'd you long and true;
Yes, noble master!—for I've found you so:
Twice fourteen years my back has carried you,
And yet, ne'er once, did thy displeasure know.

Oh, master dear! when both were green in years,
How oft I've borne you to your distant love
You best can tell — but why thine eyes in tears?
I do not wish your tender heart to move.

Nay, do not look so sad, nor stroke my head,
We now must part!—must bid a long adieu!
Yet, ere I'm number'd with the silent dead,
Thy poor old servant dies with blessing you.

And oh, good master! hear my last request,
Be still the same, be still the horse's friend;
So may the turf lie lightly on thy breast,
When you and life (which Heav'n prolong) shall end.

Do you learn others like yourself to feel,
To know our value, and to use us fair;
For could our tongues the pains oft felt reveal,
Sure those who lash us would such torture spare.

Willing—nay, eager, is our wish to please,
When oft we're scourg'd, and ev'ry pore runs blood!
By day and night, alas! bereft of ease,
Whipp'd, spurr'd, and goaded, in the very stud.

Master, kind master! do you prove a friend,
The horses' friend—for much your care they need;
Depict their suff'rings, and their cause defend;
And save, oh! save them, when condemn'd to bleed.

So

So may'st thou, best of masters! happy be,
Nor care, nor trouble, e'er thy wishes cross;
But Cherub-babes their blessings lisp for thee,
Is the last prayer of the Dying Horse.

EPILOGUE,

Written by W. A. Madocks, Esq. M. P. and delivered at Bryn-y-pys Theatricals, January 7, 1808.

SCENE—*Eagles Inn, Wrexham.*

The Speakers are, an Amateur Actor and a Hair-Dresser; the former is discovered sitting with a large wig, under the Hair-Dresser's hands.

PROLOGUE *(advancing)*.

"FASHION in ev'ry thing bears sov'reign sway,"
And plays and perriwigs have now their day.
A modish man, I burn with stage-struck passion,
And for my wig—'Tis in the *fullest* fashion. [*Shakes his wig.*

HAIR-DRESSER *seizes* PROLOGUE.

H. D. Sit down good Sir! indeed I cannot stop,
I've twenty people waiting in my shop.

P. (Sits down, then starting forward in a theatrical reverie)
"The gorgeous palaces."—

H. D. He's off, egad!
What, Sir? King George's palaces! he's mad. [*Aside.*

P. "The solemn temples"—

H. D. What can thus perplex him?
Solomon's temples, Sir!—why you're at *Wrexham.*
Pray Sir, be quiet—there, Sir, there—sit steady—
[*Seats* PROLOGUE *and dresses his wig.*
Now turn your head—

P. Why, a'nt it turn'd already?

H. D. Egad it is;—and I begin to doubt,
If being turn'd so oft, it a'nt worn out.

P. (Advancing) Fashion's the thing—A man as well may be,
If not in Fashion's throne—a Cherokee;
Then sure it is the luckiest thing on earth—
When fashion sanctions unoffending mirth.
Yes! happy they, who (in this blood-stain'd age,
When havoc, death, and ruin are the rage)
Confine their mania, in such tragic days,
To wearing *killing* wigs—and *murd'ring* plays.
Hail! harmless heroes, hail! with pride I greet
Such crowds of *killing* wigs in every street:
All shapes and colours, brown, red, black, and fair:
All sorts, and all quite new—except *the hair.*
See tender Misses mount the fiercest Brutus,
Aim at our hearts, and with hair-triggers shoot us,
While cruel Beaux (with perukes curl'd so clever)
Think to destroy a Lady's peace for ever.
Judges wear *killing* wigs—and e'en Jack Ketch
Plays not his part, but in a *killing* scratch.

In crowds as num'rous, and as *dangerous* too,
Our *bon-ton* Actors execution do.
Yon Amateur there—to the Stage but raise him,
He'll murder Richard, before Richmond slays him.
Thus Thespis reigns, and every where prevails,
In England, Scotland, Ireland, and in Wales;
From Bedlam's Precincts down to Snowdown Peak,
At every mile you'll hear some Roscius squeak.
How oft you'll see, unshaken by alarm,
Macbeths and Banquos lounging arm in arm;
Romeos in Bond-street, steering a barouche,
And Juliets beck'ning from a hackney-coach;
Hotspurs in Rotten-row, astride the crupper,
And Hamlets leading their mammas to supper.
See Jacques too, no longer in the vapours,
Dance down Tekeli with a thousand capers.
See town-bred Rosalinds leave love for riches,
And wedded Violas still wear the breeches.
Hear great Glendwr (who was but an Attorney) [*Aside.*
Again on circuit rides his usual journey.
There's the Welch Parson offers "sweet Ann Page"!

He

His "sense and putter," in the Greenwich stage,
While merry wives from City counters fill
The well-cramm'd coach, to roll down Greenwich hill.
See Christian Shylocks, very generous fellows—
See smock-fac'd Cannibals, and white Othellos—
See Castle Spectres on fat venison fed,
And Denmark's Royal Ghost go drunk to bed.——

H. D. Oh, Sir! have done! I pray!—to night I've made
Fifty appointments for the Masquerade.
I've got to dress an old and modern beau,
Two monkies, three blue devils, and a crow;
A mother goose, some hermits, and dervises.—

P. Where is the Masquerade?

H. D. ———— At Mr. PRICE's—
Who *is* (to all so gen'rously behav'd)
As good a gentleman as ever shav'd.—
Oh, happy land! when thus its youth delight
To keep their household gods in merry plight;
Who let their rents regain their tenant's door,
And make the rich the bankers of the poor.
Next week he gives a play

P. A play? my friend! [*They embrace.*
"Oh for a muse of fire, that would ascend!"—
"My kingdom for a horse,"—to draw my gig—
"Heat me those irons hot,"—to curl my wig.—
By all the theatres in Rome and Greece,
I'll whip immediately to BRYN Y PYS.
Here! bring my doublet, and scarlet hose—
My rapier, ruff, my small—no! my little cloaths;
My Lingo's caxon, and my square-toed shoes.
And all the trappings of the comic muse.
And hark! add Falstaff's dress. Go! go! I tell ye.

H. D. Lord, Sir! the whiskey won't hold half your belly!

P. Let Mr. Jones then hire the Wrexham waggon,
And, in that case, pop in my new green dragon,
My witch's broomstick, hump and magic train;
A pound of light'ning and a peck of rain;
For tho' no tempest now the scene deform,
Perhaps next winter we may want a storm. [*Going.*

(*Returns very forward.*)
And may next winter and another still
Smile, like a summer, *on this happy hill;*
Disperse the clouds that hang on sorrow's brow,
And dry all tears, but what from laughter flow.
May mirth again delight to hover here,
And bless the coming of a new-born year.
May mask, dance, song, pardean pipes and all,
But, chiefly, YOUR SWEET SMILES, ye fair, "keep up the ball."

THE WITS—A RHAPSODY.

WITS there are in every town,
One at least to every clown;
Wits that pun, and wits that bite,
Wits who read, and wits who write;
Wits who walk, and wits who dance,
Wits who ride, and wits who prance;
Wits that sing, and wits that joke,
Wits that snuff, and wits that smoke;
Every one for fame contending,
Something every one pretending!
Punning, biting,
Reading, writing,
Walking, dancing,
Riding, prancing,
Singing, joking,
Snuffing, smoking:
Every one, for fame or pelf,
Puffing up his own dear self.
But the wits of greater dash,
Are the wits who have the cash;
Dullness though the group befriending,
They are ever witty spending!
Wit with them, with looks profound,
Flourishes where they abound;
Aided by the sparkling wine,
The sun that always makes them shine.

EPITAPH
ON A HUNTSMAN.

HERE's run to ground, just in his prime,
The stoutest Huntsman of his time;
None e'er lov'd better hound or horse;
No ditch, till this, e'er stopp'd his course:
Tho' out at length he here is cast,
By fate untimely hurry'd;
Yet in at death he'll be at last,
When Death himself is worry'd.